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A SECOND READER

BY

CLARENCE F. CARROLL

SUPERINTENDENT OF SCHOOLS, ROCHESTER, NEW YORK

AND

SARAH C. BROOKS

PRINCIPAL OF THE TEACHERS' TRAINING SCHOOL,
BALTIMORE, MARYLAND

D. APPLETON AND COMPANY

NEW YORK CHICAGO

1910

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PREFACE

THE child is at once imaginative and matter of fact. He is interested in fables and fairy stories, and also in stories of real life. The child of seven, more frequently than the child of five, asks for true stories and for the narration of events that happened when father and mother were little.

In making the Second Reader of the series, these facts have been borne in mind by the authors. Folk stories and "real stories" will fairly supply the needs of the second school year. The "real stories" are, with one or two exceptions, from authentic sources and drawn from children's interests. The limited reading vocabulary of a child of seven has made it necessary to simplify the fanciful stories, but the constant aim has been to preserve the spirit of the originals. Those who have had experience in writing stories for real children will readily understand the delicate nature of this work. It is to be hoped that the effort has not been without a measure of success.

The poetry selected is from approved lists used in the first grade and the kindergarten, and is already familiar to the ear. Knowing the content of these adds interest to the effort of acquiring the form.

New words are introduced gradually, and reviewed carefully. The selection presupposes that children using this book are familiar with the First Reader vocabulary.

Phonics, which were introduced in the first year of school, should be presented constantly and faithfully during this second year. If this is done, practical results must follow. Two lines

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of work were suggested in the first year: first, the building of words based upon a common phonogram or phonic syllable; and, second, familiarizing the children with the elementary sounds and the characters by which they are represented. The first, continued, should result in a growing independence in pronouncing new words based upon familiar phonograms. The second should give immediate help in translating into vocal terms all words diacritically marked. Let the teacher also bear in mind the necessity for correct training in enunciation and pronunciation. For this purpose, two series of exercises are necessary: one the imitation of models of both, following the teacher's example; and the other, the correction of undesirable habits previously acquired.

The thanks of the authors are extended to the publishing houses named below, by whose courteous permission they are enabled to use the selections mentioned: "Sewing for Dolly" and "On the Seashore" from "Holly Berries," E. P. Dutton and Company; "Little Pumpkin's Thanksgiving" from "Stories of Mother Goose Village," by Madge A. Bigham, Rand McNally and Company; "Watering the Flowers" and "The Locust Trees" from "Chinese Mother Goose Rhymes," translated by Isaac Taylor Headland, the Fleming H. Revell Company; "The Swing" and "The Cow" from "Poems and Ballads," by Robert Louis Stevenson, Charles Scribner's Sons; "The Secret" and "The Go-to-Sleep Story," *The Youth's Companion;* "Clovers," by Helena Leeming Jeliffe, *The Outlook.* Grateful acknowledgment is made also to Emilie Poulsson for permission to use "The Three Goats" from her book "Through the Farmyard Gate," Lothrop, Lee, and Shepard, Publishers.

THE AUTHORS.

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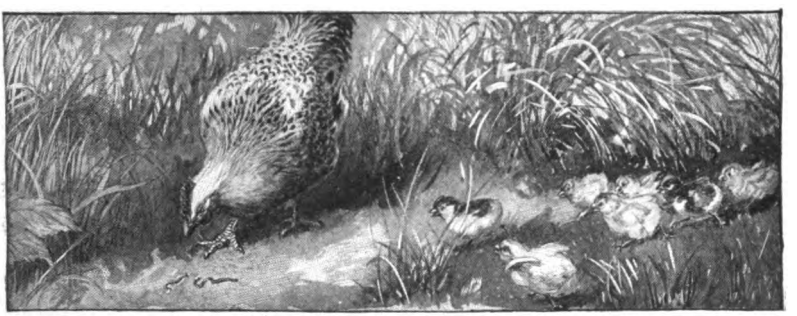
A SECOND READER



MRS. SPECKLE

Mrs. Speck'le chicks guess worms

"Cluck, cluck, cluck!" says Mrs. Speckle. "Come, chicks, come! Here is something to eat."

Guess what Mrs. Speckle found. She found some big brown worms.

Guess where she found them. She found them in the ground.

Guess how she found them. She turned them up with her long, sharp claws.

"Cluck, cluck!" says Mrs. Speckle.

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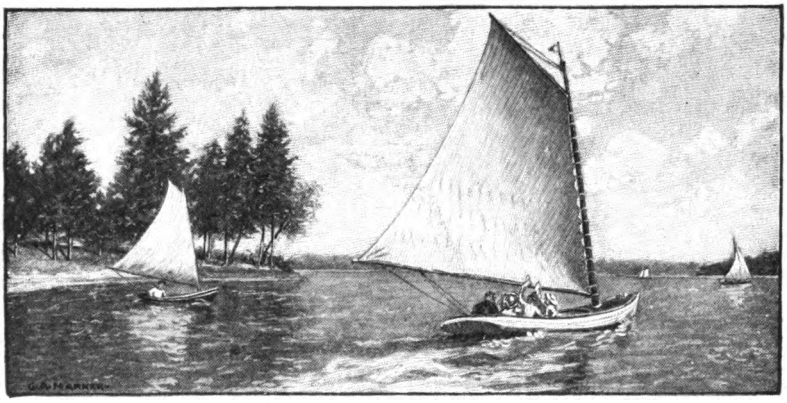

IN TOM'S BOAT

boat Mr. Tuck'er sail still
start sky clouds

Tom Tucker has a new boat. Here it is on the water. Mr. Tucker is going to take us to sail.

Jump into the boat, girls and boys! Jump in! There is room for all. Mr. Tucker says we may go.

Now sit still, children. We are going to start. Mr. Tucker is fastening the sail.

Throw back the rope, Tom. Here we go!

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There is Rob's boat sailing this way. Rob is going to turn his boat around and go with us.

Rob! Rob! Are you waiting for us? We are all here. Look out, Rob! Here we come! The boats must not touch.

Turn around and go with us, Rob! We are going for a good long sail.

The water is as blue as the sky. Look in the water. See! We are sailing on the clouds, and the clouds are sailing, too.

The wind is blowing the clouds. The wind is blowing the boats. We are sailing on.

Blow, wind, blow! and go, boat, go!

How long may we sail, Mr. Tucker?

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BLACK SHEEP

wool sheep bags full cut mas'ter

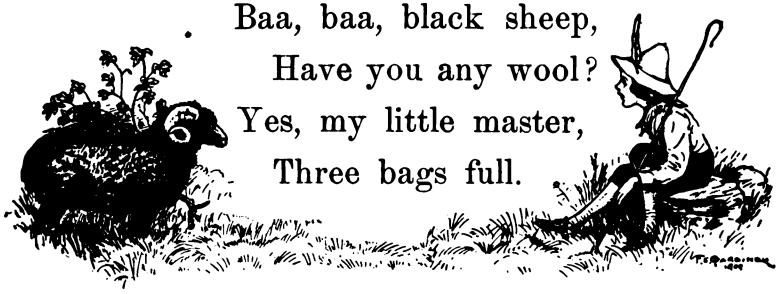
Have you any wool, black sheep?

Yes, I have three bags full. See how long and fine it is. When it is cut, little master, there will be three bags full.

I have a bag for you, to make you a coat. I have a bag for Tom Tucker, too.

Give one of the bags to Little Boy Blue. He sits in the field all day to watch the cows and the sheep.

Little Boy Blue, the old black sheep is growing some good warm wool for you.



Baa, baa, black sheep,
Have you any wool?
Yes, my little master,
Three bags full.

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POPPING CORN

stir pop'per corn pop shake salt

Stir the fire, Tom, and make it hot. I have a popper full of corn. Mother says we may pop the corn over the fire.

Are you ready? Shall I shake the popper over the fire? Shake, shake, shake! Hear the corn in the popper! "Pop, pop, pop!" says the corn.

Now the popper is full of soft white pop corn. Pour it out into the dish, Tom, while I go to the kitchen for butter and salt.

Here are salt and butter, Tom. Is the corn ready? You stir in the salt, and I will stir in the butter.

Mother, have some of our good pop corn!

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THE BIG SEA WAVE

splash sea spade pat'ting plant'ing gone

Splash, splash! came the big sea wave.

Helen was making a hill of sand. She had a little spade with which to dig up the sand. She had a branch of leaves to stand up in it. That was to be a big tree growing on the hill.

Splash, splash! came the big sea wave.

Helen did not see it. She was sitting with her back to the big blue wave. She was patting the hill. She was planting the big tree.

"Helen, jump up! Come here, dear! Come!" some one called. Helen jumped up and ran.

Splash, splash! came the big sea wave.

It put out its arms and covered the hill. It drew back into the sea again. And hill and tree and spade were gone.

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A GUESSING GAME

else bore in'sects dressed
col'lar wood'peck er elm

Guess my name, please.
What do you do?
I drum and drum.
Are you a soldier?
I am not a soldier.
What else do you do?
I hammer and hammer.
Are you a blacksmith?
No, I am not a blacksmith.
What else do you do?
I bore holes and make houses.
Are you a carpenter?
Yes, I am a carpenter, but I live in a tree.
Are you a squirrel?
I am not a squirrel.

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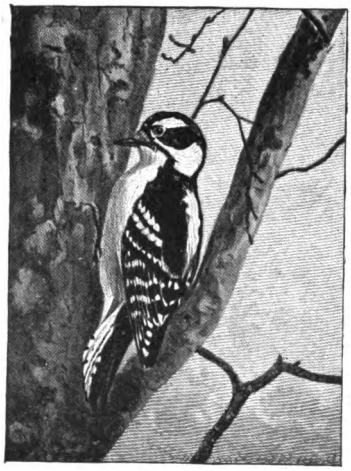

Are you a bird?
Yes, I am a bird.
What do you eat?
I eat worms and insects.
Where do you find your food?
I find it on trees.
How are you dressed?
I have a black coat, a white collar and vest, and a red cap.

You are a woodpecker.
Yes, you have guessed my name.

The old woodpecker is hard at work,
A carpenter is he;
And you can hear him hammering
His nest in the old elm tree.

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LITTLE BOY BLUE

horn mea′dow hay′stack

Little Boy Blue, come blow
your horn!
The sheep are in the
meadow,
The cows are in the corn.
What! Is this the way
you watch your sheep?
Under the haystack
fast asleep!

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A SECRET FOR THREE

I

se'cret just flew point'ed

"Bessie," said grandpa, "can you keep a secret?"

"Yes, grandpa," said Bessie, "I think I can."

"Then come with me," said grandpa, "and I will show you something."

Bessie put her hand in grandpa's, and they walked over to a tree in the meadow.

It was an old apple tree, and it was covered with little green apples.

Just then, a bluebird flew out from under the green branches. Then all was still.

Grandpa pointed to a hole in the old tree.

And what do you think Bessie saw in the hole? She saw a little round nest. In the nest were three little bluebirds fast asleep.

"That was mother bluebird who flew away," said grandpa, "and this is her secret."

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II

asked care if oh no'bod y

"Do birds like apples, grandpa?" asked Bessie.

"Yes, birds like apples. But mother bluebird does not hurt my apples. She helps me take care of my tree."

"How, grandpa?"

"There are little insects that feed upon the apples, and hurt them so they do not grow. Mother bluebird eats the little insects. That is how she helps me."

"Will she come back again?" asked Bessie.

"Yes, when we have gone away," said grandpa. "If you stand back from the tree and keep very still, you may see her feed the baby birds."

"Oh," said Bessie, "this is a beautiful secret to keep! Nobody knows but just us three!"

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BRUCE

Bruce	pas'ture	as	barks
un til'	gate	reach	brook

Bruce is a fine, large dog, who lives in the country.

He has a light brown coat, with a white vest and collar. His eyes are soft and brown.

Bruce helps his master with the horses and cows. He knows everything that is said to him.

Every night before supper, his master says, "Bruce, go bring the cows."

Bruce runs away to the pasture as fast as he can go. He runs around the cows and barks until they start for the barn.

He drives them in front of him all the way. If they stop to eat grass, he barks and pulls their tails. The cows know what to do then. They start up and go on to the barn.

"Good dog!" says his master, when the cows are in the barnyard. "You are the dog for me!"

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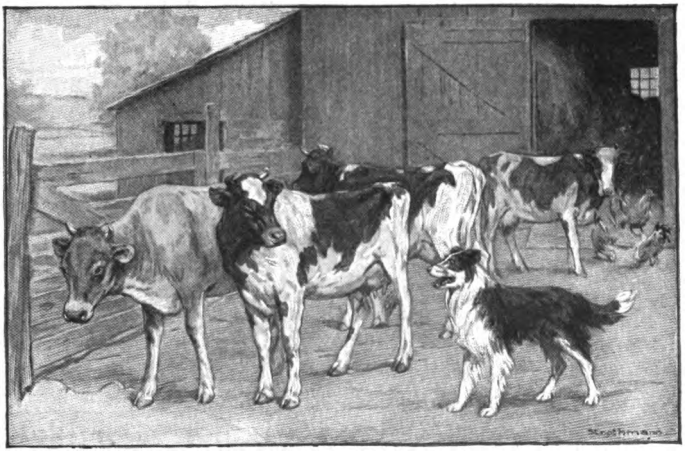
Bruce likes to hear this. He likes to feel his master's hand on his head.



Every morning when the cows are milked, Bruce has a dish of milk. Then, "Drive the cows to the pasture, Bruce," says his master.

Away runs the dog to drive the cows through the barnyard gate.

When they are in the pasture, he goes with them until they reach the brook. There he leaves them under the trees to eat and drink.

Then he trots back to the barn to see what else there is for him to do.

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THE NORTH WIND

ice south

I am the North Wind. I blow and blow!

I cover the brooks with ice. I cover the ground with snow.

I put the seeds and flowers to sleep. I shake the leaves from the trees, and make them dance over the brown fields.

I send the birds away to the south. The squirrels hear me and hide in their holes in the trees.

"Oo, oo!" I say, and the leaves fall down.

"Oo, oo!" I say, and the grass turns brown.

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THE SUN

change dew o'pen buds col'or

I am the big round Sun. I shine and shine.

I change the ice to water. I change the water to clouds. I bring the drops of dew.

I call the little brown roots and seeds. "Wake, little seeds, and grow! Wake, little roots! Here is food for you!"

I open the buds on the trees. I open the garden flowers. I paint the color on flowers and leaves and grass.

I call the birds from the south, and the squirrels from their homes in the trees.

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BRUCE AND THE PIGS

I

thick pen went ly'ing knew those word

Bruce has a long, thick coat. When the days are very warm, he does not like to work. He likes to lie under the trees and sleep.

One day the pigs found a hole in their pen, and they came out. Some one had left the gate open, and they went into the garden.

Every little pig has a spade on his nose, and he loves to dig. He digs up things to eat.

Bruce was lying under the trees. He heard the pigs and knew that they must not be in the garden. But the sun was hot, and he did not stir.

Bruce's master, Mr. Tucker, came up from the field.

"Bruce," said he, "drive out those pigs!"

Bruce walked slowly over to the garden gate. He looked at the pigs and then at his

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master, but he did not say a word to the pigs.

II

naugh'ty took pinch could cried wag'ging

"Come here," said Mr. Tucker.

The dog walked slowly back. His head was down, and his tail was down. He knew that he was a naughty dog.

Mr. Tucker looked him right in the eyes. Then he took one of Bruce's ears and gave it a sharp pinch.

"Now go drive out those pigs!" he said.

Away ran the dog as fast as he could go.

"Bow-wow! Bow-wow!" he said. "Go out of this garden, you naughty pigs!"

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"Wee-wee! Wee-wee!" cried the little pigs; and away they ran as fast as they could go. Bruce's teeth were sharp.

They did not stop running until they reached the pen. Then Bruce went back to his master. His head was up, and his tail was wagging.

"Next time, Bruce, you will not have to be pinched. You will go when you are told," said Mr. Tucker, patting the dog's head.

whose art thou

Bow-wow wow!
Whose dog art thou?
Little Tom Tucker's dog,
Bow-wow wow!

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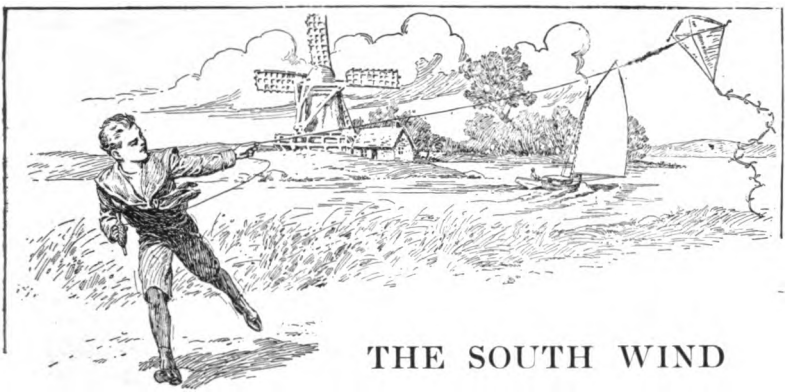

THE SOUTH WIND

a cross′ kites fly bend clothes ma′ny

I am the South Wind, and I come very fast. Can you see me? Do you hear me blow?

I blow the clouds across the sky. I bring the spring rain. I call the flowers.

I drive the boats across the water. I help the boys with their kites. I help the birds to fly.

I bend the trees and make them strong. I wave the flowers and the grass.

I drive Jack Frost away. I change the ice and snow into water. I turn the mill and help the miller grind his wheat.

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The buds on the trees come out at my call. The brown seeds hear me and start to grow.

I am the South Wind, and I come very fast. Do you wish me to help you?

Have you mills to turn? Have you kites to fly? Have you plants to grow? Have you clothes to dry?

How many things South Wind can do!

Fly our kites, South Wind, and open the buds on the trees. Call to the little brown seeds, and dry the clothes, if you please.

---

bird'ies sang glad

Over in the meadow,
In a hole in a tree,
Lived a mother bluebird
And her little birdies three.
"Sing!" said the mother;
"We sing," said the three.
So they sang, and were glad,
In the hole in the tree. —*Selected.*

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BRUCE STAYS AT HOME

I

wag'on meets sun'light road Bob Nell

Bruce likes to run with the wagon when his master drives to town. He meets many dog friends. He sees many new things.

When Mr. Tucker drives out of the barnyard with his big wagon, Bruce runs to the horses' heads and jumps and barks with joy.

One morning Mr. Tucker was ready to go to town. Eggs and butter and cheese were in the wagon. Green branches covered them from the hot sunlight.

Bruce jumped and barked at the horses' heads, as they pulled the wagon through the gate. He looked down the long road under the trees and barked again. It was a fine morning for a run.

"Wait, Bob and Nell," said the master to his horses. "Come here, Bruce!"

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II

don't	should	may'be	joke
smile	poor	on'ly	place

Mr. Tucker looked down at the dog.

"There is no one here to help Mrs. Tucker to-day," he said. "Those naughty pigs may go into the garden again. Don't you think you should be here to help her while I am away?"

Bruce looked at Mr. Tucker. His head went down, and his tail went down. He looked down the beautiful road under the trees.

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Then he looked at Mr. Tucker again. Maybe it was a joke. But it was not a joke; for Mr. Tucker did not smile.

The dog looked once again down the road, and then walked slowly back to the house.

"Poor dog!" said his master. "I should be glad to take him with me. But he is the only man on the place."

'Go on, Bob and Nell. We must go fast, and come back as soon as we can."

SEWING FOR DOLLY

I'm dol'ly she's sea'shore

I'm making a dress for dolly,
A beautiful dress of blue;
She's going away to the sea-shore,
And she must have something new. —*Selected.*

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THE SUN AND THE WIND

I

met stron'ger than off try first

The Sun and the North Wind met on a hill one morning in spring.

"I am strong," said the Sun. "I can do many things. I turn ice into water, and water into clouds. I warm the ground, and make the plants grow. I give color to leaves and flowers!"

"I am stronger than you," said North Wind. "I turn water into ice. I cover the ground with snow. I help turn the leaves brown, and I take away the colors of the flowers."

"Here comes a man up the hill," said the Sun. "He has on a thick coat. Let us see who can make him take off his coat. The one who can do that is the stronger."

"Let me try first," said the North Wind. "I know I am stronger than you."

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II

blew kind

Away went the North Wind down the hill to meet the man.

"Oo, oo, oo!" he called. "Take off your coat! Take off your coat! I am North Wind, and I am very strong."

"How cold it is!" said the man. "How strong the wind is! I must hold my coat, or it will blow away."

The man fastened his coat close around his neck. North Wind blew and blew, but he could not make the man take off his coat.

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"Now let me try," said the Sun.

He turned his warm, kind face to the man and said, "Please take off your coat! Please take off your coat!"

"How warm it is!" said the man. "What a day! What a day! First it is cold, and then it is warm. I must take off this long coat and walk slowly."

Which was the stronger, the North Wind or the Sun? —Æsop.

---

doth him self'

The north wind doth blow,
And we shall have snow;
And what will the robin do then,
Poor thing?

He will sit in the barn
And keep himself warm,
And hide his head under his wing,
Poor thing!

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THE LITTLE RED HEN

I

hen grains rat scratched thresh

Little Red Hen found some grains of wheat.

"Who will plant this wheat?" she asked.

"Not I," said the dog.

"Not I," said the cat.

"Not I," said the mouse.

"Not I," said the rat.

"Then I will plant the wheat," said Little Red Hen.

She scratched the ground with her long, sharp claws and planted the grains of wheat.

The wheat grew and grew. Soon it was yellow and ready to cut.

"Who will cut this wheat?" asked Little Red Hen.

"Not I," said the mouse.

"Not I," said the cat.

"Not I," said the dog.

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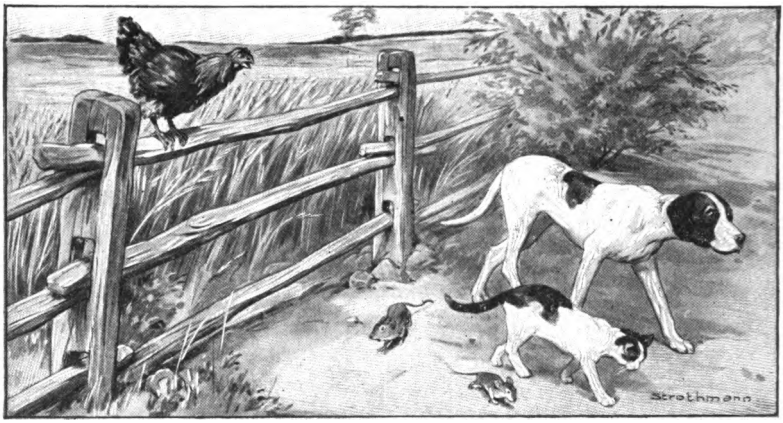

"Not I," said the rat.

"I will, then," said Little Red Hen.

She cut the wheat with her sharp little bill, and soon it was ready to thresh.

II

fanned wings be tween' stones

"Who will thresh this wheat?" asked Little Red Hen.

"Not I," "Not I," said the dog and the rat.

"Not I," "Not I," said the mouse and the cat.

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"Then I will thresh the wheat," said she.

She fanned the wheat with her little red wings, and soon it was threshed and ready to grind.

"Who will grind this wheat?" asked she.

"Not I," "Not I," said the dog and the rat.

"Not I," "Not I," said the mouse and the cat.

"I will, then," said Little Red Hen.

She ground the wheat between two hard stones, and soon it was ready to bake.

"Who will bake the bread?" asked Little Red Hen.

"Not I," said the dog and the cat.

"Not I," said the mouse and the rat.

"Oh, I will, then," said Little Red Hen. And she baked a loaf of bread.

III

"Now, who will eat this bread?" asked Little Red Hen.

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"We," said the mouse and the cat.

"We," said the dog and the rat.

"Not you," said the hen, "but I and my chicks.

"Come, Chicks! Come, Chicks! I have only six."

"Bow-wow!" said the dog.

"Mew, mew!" said the cat.

"Squeak, squeak!" said the mouse.

"Dear me!" said the rat. —*Selected.*

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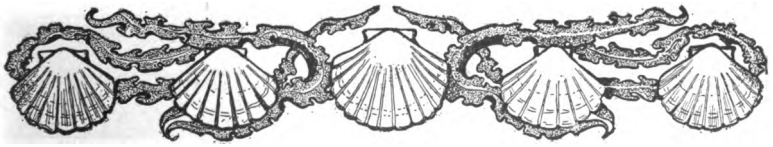
ON THE SEASHORE

roar hark weeds land dash

Splash, splash, splash, and roar, roar, roar!
Hark to the waves on the long seashore!
Weeds and rocks and shells and sand—
See what the water gives to the land!

Roar, roar, roar, and splash, splash, splash!
Up on the seashore the big waves dash.
Wood and grass, and leaves from the tree—
See what the land gives up to the sea!

—*Adapted.*



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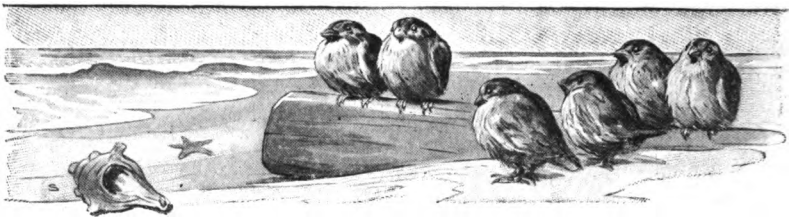

THE CRANE EXPRESS

I

sat fat fluff'y friend'ly an oth'er far

Once upon a time six little birds sat on the shore of the sea. They were all fat and fluffy and friendly.

Said one fat, fluffy bird, "It is growing cold here, and worms are hard to find.

"In the land across the sea they are ready to fall into your bill. Some one told me so. Let us go to the land across the sea."

"I want worms, too," said another fat, fluffy bird. "But how shall we go across the sea? Our wings are small. We cannot fly so far as that."

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Said another fluffy bird, "Maybe some one will carry us over. Let us wait and see."

So they sat in the sun and waited for some one to carry them over.

II

fish swim'ming by fins cranes broad

Soon a fish came swimming by.

"Will you please carry us across the sea?" asked the six little birds.

"I will carry you down into the sea," said the fish. "You don't know what fun it is down under the waters. Watch me go!" And down he went into the sea.

"We could not go that way," said the birds. "We must wait for some one else."

A sheep came walking by. He looked very kind. Maybe he would help them.

"Sheep, will you please carry us to the land across the sea?" asked the six little birds.

"How can I carry you across?" asked the

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sheep. "I have no fins, and I have no wings. I cannot swim or fly. You must wait for the cranes. They will carry you over the sea."

"What are the cranes?" asked the birds. "We have not heard of cranes."

"They are large, strong birds," said the sheep. "They have broad backs and long, strong wings. They have long bills and long legs. You will know them when they come."

So again they sat in the sun and waited for some one to carry them over.

"Will the cranes walk, or will they fly?" asked one little bird of another. "Will they stop, do you think, and carry us over?"

III

rush'ing	air	low	fourth
sec'ond	third	lay	taste

Soon the little birds heard a rushing in the air. They looked up and saw four cranes flying low over the sands.

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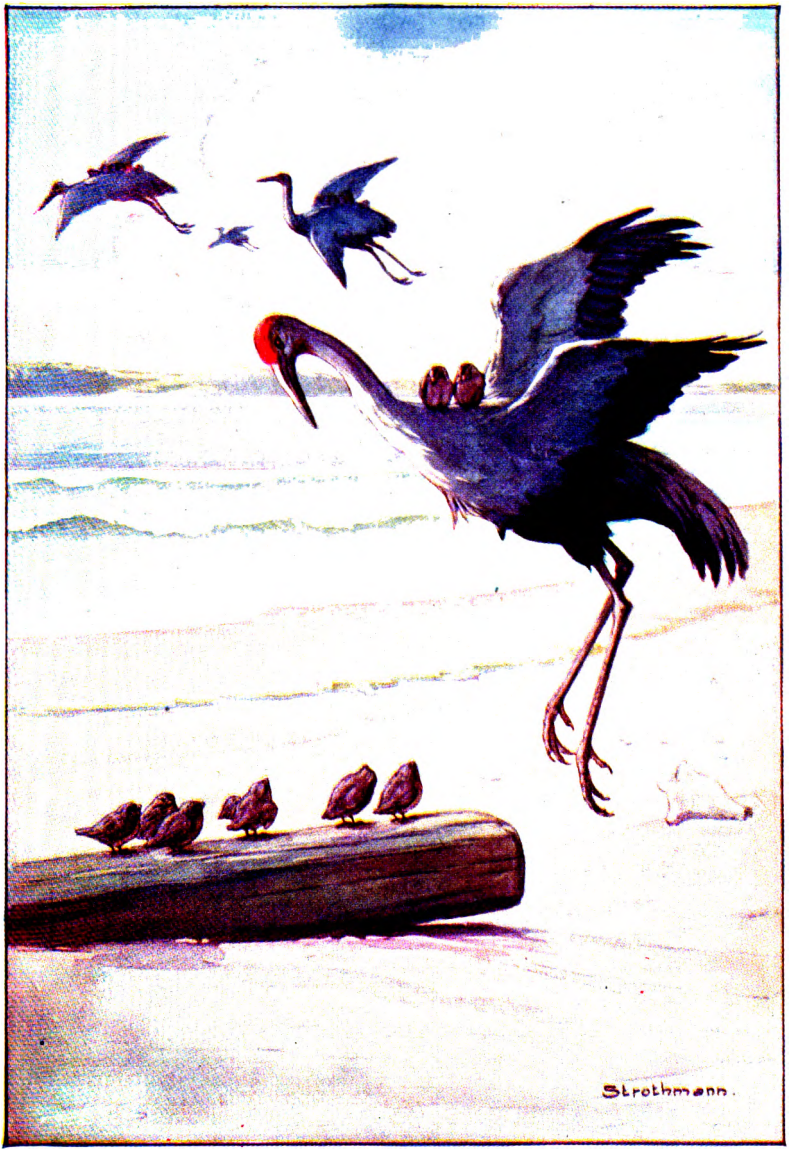

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"Will you, please, carry us to the land across the sea?" asked the little birds of the first crane.

"My back is full," said the crane. "Ask the fourth crane. I think you will find room on his back. Good-bye, little birds."

Away he flew over the water, his back covered with little birds.

The second crane flew by, and the third one. Their backs, too, were covered with little birds.

The fourth one had room for the six fat, fluffy friends. Soon they were all on his back, ready to start.

"Are you all ready?" asked the crane. "Hold fast, for we shall soon be flying over the water."

The little birds held on with bills and claws to the good crane's feathers.

The crane rose high over the sands; and soon they were rushing through the air and across the blue water. Before them lay the new land, and the taste of good fat worms. —*Selected.*

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CAT AND MOUSE

Paul	why	both	game	in deed′
Eth′el	Jo	out′side	aft′er	caught

"I wish I knew something good to play," said Paul; "something we all could play."

"Why don't you spin your tops?" asked his mother.

"The girls have no tops," said Paul.

"Why don't you play with dolls?"

"We boys have no dolls. Please, mother, give us a play that boys and girls both like."

"Cat and Mouse is a good game," said mother. "Would you like to try that?"

"Indeed we should," said all the children. "Tell us how it is played, and let us try, please."

"Take hands, and make a ring," said mother.

"Creep into the ring, Ethel, and be the mouse. Jo would make a good cat. Stand outside the ring, Jo.

"The little mouse must run around in the

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ring. The old cat must try to creep through and catch her.

"The children in the ring must help the mouse. When you see the cat trying to creep through, hold fast and keep him out.

"If the cat creeps into the ring, let the mouse creep out. Then the cat must try to run out after the mouse.

"When the mouse is caught, the mouse and the cat help make the ring. Then you must choose another cat and another mouse.

"Now run, little mouse! Catch her, old cat! Hold fast, children! Here comes the cat!"

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THE THREE GOATS

I

goats	Nan'nie	drove	tur'nip
hop'ping	be side'	fox	be cause'

A little boy once had three goats, Willie, Nannie, and Winkie.

All day the goats played and fed on the hillside. They fed on grass and branches of trees

At night the little boy drove them home to sleep.

One day when the little boy went after the goats, they would not go home.

Nannie jumped into a turnip field, and then Willie and Winkie jumped in, too.

The boy sat down and cried.

"Why do you cry, little boy?" asked a rabbit, who was hopping by.

"My goats are in the turnip field and will not go home," said the boy.

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"I will drive them out for you," said the rabbit.

Away he hopped into the field, but the goats would not come out.

So the rabbit sat beside the boy and cried.

"Why do you cry, rabbit?" asked a fox, who was running by.

"I cry because the boy cries. He cries because the goats will not come out of the turnip field."

"Let me try to drive them out," said the fox.

Away he ran, but the goats would not come out. Then the fox sat beside the rabbit and cried.

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II

wolf bee rest

A gray wolf came by.

"Why do you cry, fox?" asked the gray wolf.

"I cry because the rabbit cries. Rabbit cries because the boy cries. He cries because the goats will not come out of the turnip field."

"Let me try," said the wolf; and away he ran. But the goats would not come out.

Then the wolf sat beside the fox and cried, too.

"Why do you cry, wolf?" asked a bee, who was flying by.

"I cry because fox cries. Fox cries because rabbit cries. Rabbit cries because the boy cries. The boy cries because the goats will not come out of the turnip field."

"I can drive them out," said the bee; and away he flew into the turnip field.

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He stopped to rest on Nannie's back, and away she ran out of the field. Willie and Winkie saw her run, and away they ran, too.

What made Nannie run?

—Emilie Poulsson (*Adapted*).

IN THE SPRING

ti'ny need

I wish I knew
Why flowers grew
From a tiny little seed;
Why sun and air
Should just be there
To give them what they need.

—Edith B. Sturgis.

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THE DOG AND THE CROWS

I

Wil'son fa'ther sum'mer crows sto'ry

Jack Wilson was walking with his father in the country one summer day.

"Caw! Caw!" called some crows from the branches over head.

"What do crows say, father?" asked Jack.

"They say many things, I think," said Mr. Wilson. "Sometimes they say that they are hungry; sometimes that they are cold. And you must have heard them say 'Good morning,' and 'Good night.'"

"I have heard them say 'Caw! Caw!'" said Jack. "Do you think that one crow knows what another is saying?"

"Yes, I think so. A man told me of a joke that some crows played on his dog one day. Shall I tell you the story?"

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"Yes, please do," said Jack. And this is the story.

II

Rov'er bone oth'er lis'tened flap'ping
snap stole laughed quite

One day this man's dog, Rover, had a bone. He carried the bone to a large tree and lay down under the tree to eat.

Some hungry crows were in the tree. They saw Rover coming with his bone. How they did wish that they had that bone!

"Caw! Caw!" said one old crow, and the other crows listened. "Caw! Caw! Caw!"

"Caw! Caw! Caw!" said all the other crows, flapping their wings.

The first old crow flew down to the ground. He walked up to Rover's tail.

Rover was taking his first taste of the bone, and did not see the crow. He only heard the cawing of the crows in the tree.

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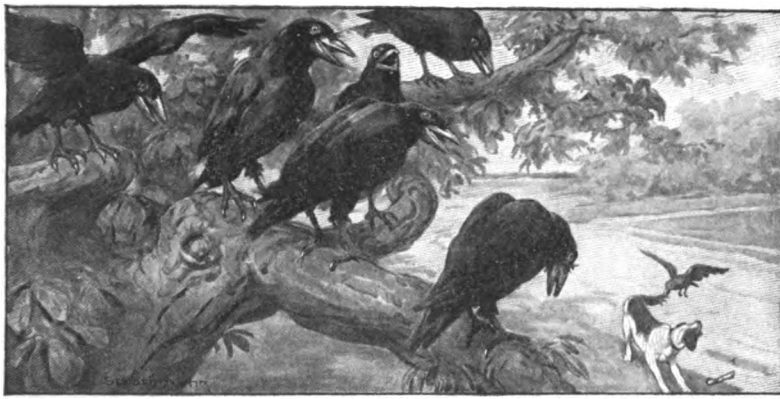
Snap! went the old crow's bill upon Rover's tail.



Rover dropped his bone and turned around. Then he ran to catch the crow.

While Rover was running after this crow, the other crows flew down and stole his bone.

When poor Rover came back, he had no bone. He looked all around, but could not find it.

"Caw! Caw! Caw!" laughed the crows in the tree.

I think that they knew quite well what the first crow said. Don't you?

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THE GO-TO-SLEEP STORY

I

till	Ray	Pen'ny	ba'bies	trot'ted
silk'y	porch	giv'en	kit'ties	a long'

"How can I go to bed till I have said good night to baby Ray?" asked the little dog Penny.

"He gives me some of his bread and milk. He pats me with his soft little hand.

"It is bed time now for dogs and babies. I must see if he is asleep."

So Penny trotted away in his silky white nightgown. He found baby Ray on the porch

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in mamma's arms. Mamma was telling him this story:

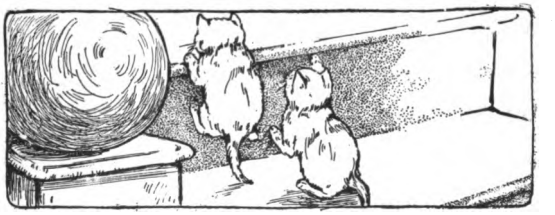
"The dog that was given him to keep, keep, keep,
Went to see if Ray was asleep, sleep, sleep."

"How can we go to sleep till we have said good night to baby Ray?" asked the two little kitties.

"He lets us play with his ball. He laughs when we climb on the table.

"It is bed time now for kitties and dogs and babies. Maybe he is asleep."

They ran along in their soft gray night-gowns, looking for baby. They found him on the porch in mamma's arms. Mamma was telling him this story:



"One dog that was given him to keep, keep, keep,
Two little kitty-cats, creep, creep, creep,
Went to see if Ray was asleep, sleep, sleep."

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II

leap ducks pond a'pron wad'dled
chick'ens crumbs down'y deep clos'ing peep

"How can we go to bed till we have seen baby Ray?" asked the three little rabbits.

"It is bed time now for rabbits and kitties and dogs and babies."

Away they went in their little white night-gowns. On the porch mamma was telling this story to baby Ray:

"One dog that was given him to keep, keep, keep,
Two little kitty-cats creep, creep, creep,
Three little rabbits leap, leap, leap,
Went to see if Ray was asleep, sleep, sleep."

"How can we go to bed till we have seen baby Ray?" asked the four little white ducks.

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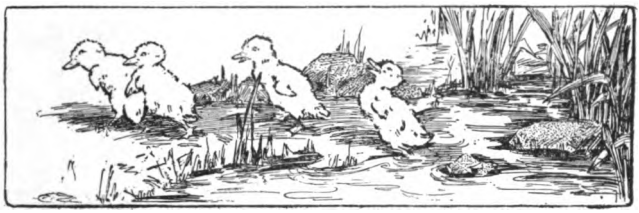
"He likes to watch us swim on the pond. He brings us corn in his little blue apron.

"It is bed time now for ducks and rabbits and kitties and dogs and babies."



They waddled along in their white feather nightgowns, looking for baby. On the porch mamma was telling him this story:

"One dog that was given him to keep, keep, keep,
Two little kitty-cats, creep, creep, creep,
Three little rabbits, leap, leap, leap,
Four ducks from the duck pond, deep, deep, deep,
Went to see if Ray was asleep, sleep, sleep."

"How can we go to bed till we have seen baby Ray?" asked the five little chickens.

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"He calls us and gives us crumbs.

"Now it is bed time for chickens and ducks and rabbits and kitties and dogs and babies."

They ran in their downy nightgowns till they came to the porch. There lay baby Ray in his mamma's arms. He was just closing his eyes. She was telling him this story:

"One dog that was given him to keep, keep, keep,
Two little kitty-cats, creep, creep, creep,
Three little rabbits, leap, leap, leap,
Four ducks from the duck pond, deep, deep, deep,
Five downy chickens, peep, peep, peep,
All saw baby Ray asleep, sleep, sleep."

—Eudora Bumstead (*Adapted*).

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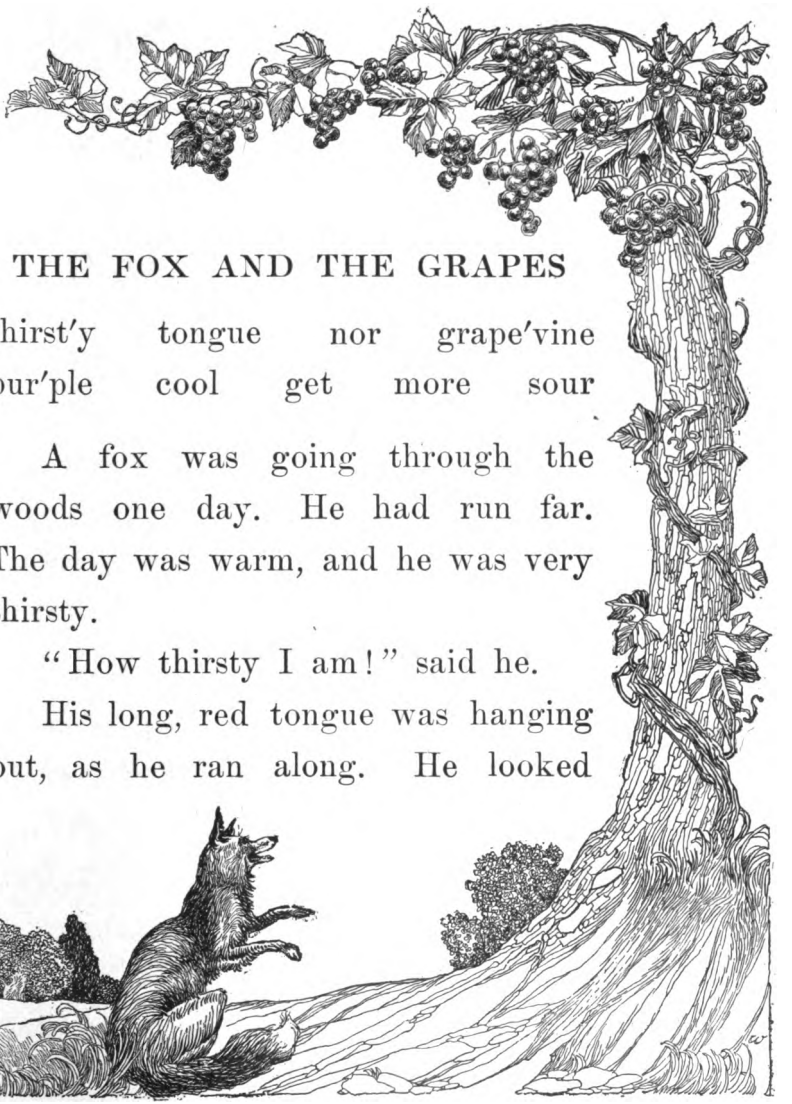

THE FOX AND THE GRAPES

thirst'y tongue nor grape'vine
pur'ple cool get more sour

A fox was going through the woods one day. He had run far. The day was warm, and he was very thirsty.

"How thirsty I am!" said he.

His long, red tongue was hanging out, as he ran along. He looked

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around for water, but not a spring nor a brook could he find.

At last he stopped to rest under a tree. A grapevine grew around the tree, and out along the branches. Just over the fox's head, purple grapes were hanging from the vine.

"Here are good purple grapes," said the fox, looking up into the tree. "I can find no water. Maybe some grapes would cool my tongue. I will get some and see."

He jumped, but could not reach the grapes. He jumped again. Still he could not reach them.

How cool and good they looked! He wanted them more and more.

He lay down and rested. Then he jumped again.

The grapes were just a little too high for him to reach. He jumped and jumped and jumped, but not a grape could he get.

"I don't care," he said, as he trotted away. "I don't want the grapes. They are sour."

—Æsop.

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BOB AND THE BLACKSMITH

I

hunt'ed	bas'ket	lost	be gan'
limp	foot	shade	po'ny

"May we go to see grandma and grandpa to-day, father?" asked Jo and Ethel one summer morning.

"Yes," said Mr. Gray. "Bob has just come back from the blacksmith's, and you may drive over in the cart."

The day was beautiful. Flowers were open by the roadside. Birds were singing in the trees. The air was cool.

Bob trotted fast; for he too likes to go to grandma's. He was thinking of the grass and clover in grandpa's pasture. How good it was!

The children had a fine time that day. They played in the barn and hunted eggs for grandma. They fed the pigs and the chickens. They climbed the old apple trees for apples to eat.

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When the day was over, grandma placed a basket of big, red apples in the cart, and the children started for home.

"Good-bye, grandma! Good-bye, grandpa!" they called, as Bob trotted down the road. "Next time we come, we will bring mother."

Before they reached home, Bob lost a shoe. Soon he began to limp. The stones in the road hurt his foot, and he walked slowly. More than once, Jo let him stop to rest in the shade.

"The pony must have another shoe, Jo," said Mr. Gray, when they reached home. "In the morning, ride over to the blacksmith's shop, and ask the blacksmith to shoe him again."

II

tied	street	brought	raised
might	e nough′	trust′ed	much

The next morning, when Jo ran down to the barnyard, he could not find Bob. Mr. Gray had fed him only a short time before. He had

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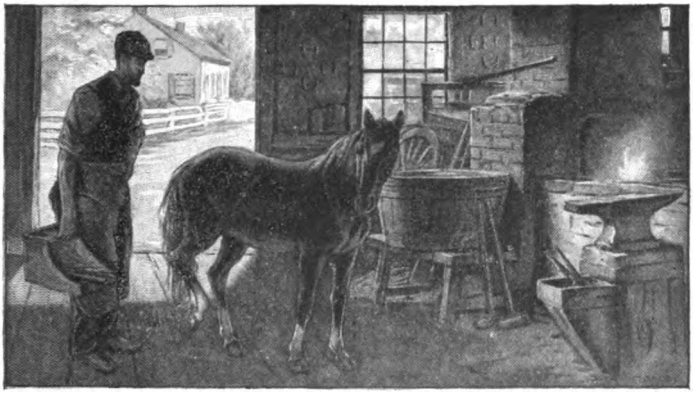
left the barn door open, so that the pony could run about in the yard.

Now, the barnyard gate was open, too. Jo ran back to the house to tell his father.



They found Bob at last, at the blacksmith's shop, tied before the door. He had a new shoe, and this is what the blacksmith said:

"When I opened my shop doors this morning, the pony was waiting outside in the street.

"While I was looking up and down the street to see who had brought him, he limped into the shop and raised his foot.

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"I knew what he wished me to do. The foot told me that. So I started a fire and made a new shoe in place of the one he had lost.

"When the last nail was in, what do you think he did? You could not guess. He placed his foot on the floor and pawed as hard as he could.

"He looked at me, too, with his big eyes.

"'You did not fasten the other shoe well,' the eyes said. 'This time I shall try your work before I leave the shop.'

"Paw! paw! paw! went the iron shoe on the floor. When he found that the shoe would not come off, he turned to leave the shop. I was afraid he might not find his way home, and so I tied him here until you should come."

"Good pony!" said Mr. Gray, patting Bob's brown coat. "If he knew enough to ask for the shoe, he knew enough to go back to the barn. You might have trusted him that much, Mr. Blacksmith."

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THE QUEEN OF HEARTS

queen hearts tarts knave king
sore vowed he'd steal

The Queen of Hearts, she made some tarts
All on a summer's day;
The Knave of Hearts, he stole the tarts,
And took them quite away.

The King of Hearts called for the tarts,
And beat the Knave full sore;
The Knave of Hearts brought back the tarts,
And vowed he'd steal no more.

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THE FOX AND THE STORK

stork	din'ner	soup	flat	your self'
tried	ate	pitch'er	nar'row	been

Once upon a time a fox asked a stork to his house, to dinner.

When the stork reached the fox's house, dinner was ready. It was soup, in a flat dish.

"Help yourself, Friend Stork," said the fox. "You have come a long way and must be hungry. There is soup enough for both. Help yourself. Please do."

The stork tried and tried, but could not take up the soup in her bill. The dish was too flat. The fox ate all the soup, and the stork had to fly home hungry.

The next day the stork asked the fox to take dinner at her house.

When the fox reached the stork's house, he found the dinner in a pitcher. The pitcher had a long, narrow neck

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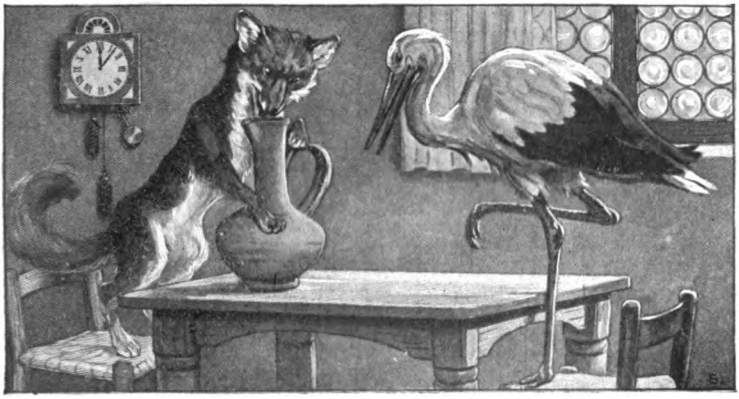

The stork reached down into the pitcher with her long, narrow bill and ate.

"Help yourself, Friend Fox. Please do," said she. "There is food enough for both. You have come a long way and must be hungry."

The fox put his sharp nose into the pitcher. He reached his long tongue as far as he could, but he could not touch the food.

The fox had to go home still hungry for dinner. He knew how hungry the stork must have been the day before.

—Æsop.

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TOM AND JIM

I

lap a bout' Jim end harm e'ven ing seat

Grandma sat by the window. Helen came into the room with her kitty. She put the kitty on grandma's lap, and waited for grandma to speak.

Grandma smiled, and waited too.

"Please tell me a story," said Helen, at last. "Tell me about the kitties you had when you were a little girl."

"When I was a little girl," said grandma, "our kitties were cats. We had two big cats named Tom and Jim. I will tell you a story about them."

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Grandma's Story

Tom was a yellow cat, with a white vest and a white nose. Jim was a black cat, with a white vest and two white feet.

They lived in the barn, and caught rats. Sometimes they would come to the house to see me and to be fed, but they did not stay long. They had to work in the barn.

One day, Mr. Brown, an old friend from the country, came to see us. When he drove into the barn, he saw the two big cats.

"I see you have two fine cats," he said to my father. "I have not one, and the rats in my barn do no end of harm. Do give me one of those cats."

"Very well," said father. "If you will carry him home, you may have Jim. He is as good as a rat dog to care for the barn."

So when Mr. Brown started home in the evening, he placed Jim under the seat of the wagon, where he could not find his way out.

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II

late hid great purr'ing nev'er stay

Jim was carried far, far across the country, and late at night was put into Mr. Brown's barn.

"Now, Jim," said Mr. Brown, "this is not your old home, but it will be a good one. I trust we may soon be great friends."

Jim said not a word. He ran up the stairs as fast as he could and hid in the hay.

The next morning, when father opened our barn door, there sat Jim in his old place on the floor. Tom lay beside him, purring for joy.

Jim ran and hid in the hay when father called his name, and it was many days before he would let any one smooth his fur again.

We never knew how he found his way home.

"If he loves us well enough to come home again," said father, "and knows enough to find the way, he may stay here as long as he lives." And so he did.

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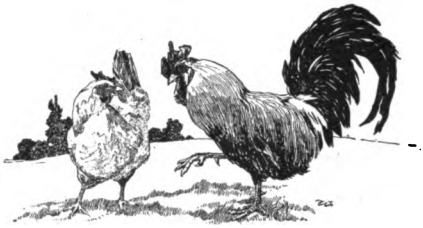
HENNY PENNY

oak moun'tains
mid'dle cock
dreamed to geth'er



One evening a hen flew into an oak tree to sleep. In the middle of the night she dreamed that she must go to the mountains. If she did not go to the mountains, the world would come to an end.

When the morning came, down she flew and started for the mountains. Soon she met a cock.

"Good day, Cocky Locky," said the hen.

"Good day, Henny Penny," said the cock. "Where are you going?"

"I am going to the mountains, so that the world may not come to an end."

"Who told you that?" asked the cock.

"I dreamed it in the oak tree last night," said the hen.

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"I will go with you," said the cock.

Soon they met a duck.

"Good day, Ducky Lucky," said the cock.

"Good day, Cocky Locky," said the duck. "Where are you going?"

"I am going to the mountains, so that the world may not come to an end," said Cocky Locky.

"Who told you that, Cocky Locky?" asked the duck.

"Henny Penny told me," said the cock.

"Who told you that, Henny Penny?" asked the duck.

"I dreamed it in the oak tree last night," said the hen.

"I will go with you," said the duck.

So they went off together, up the long road to the mountains.

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II

goose tur'key far'ther stuff nice

Soon they met a goose.

"Good day, Goosey Poosey," said the duck.

"Good day, Ducky Lucky," said the goose. "Where are you going?"

"I am going to the mountains, so that the world may not come to an end," said the duck.

"Who told you that?" asked the goose.

"Cocky Locky told me," said the duck.

"Who told you that, Cocky Locky?"

"Henny Penny told me," said the cock.

"Who told you that, Henny Penny?"

"I dreamed it in the oak tree last night."

"I will go with you," said the goose.

Soon they met a turkey.

"Good day, Turkey Lurkey," said the goose.

"Good day," said Turkey Lurkey. "Where are you going?"

"I am going to the mountains, so that the world may not come to an end," said the goose.

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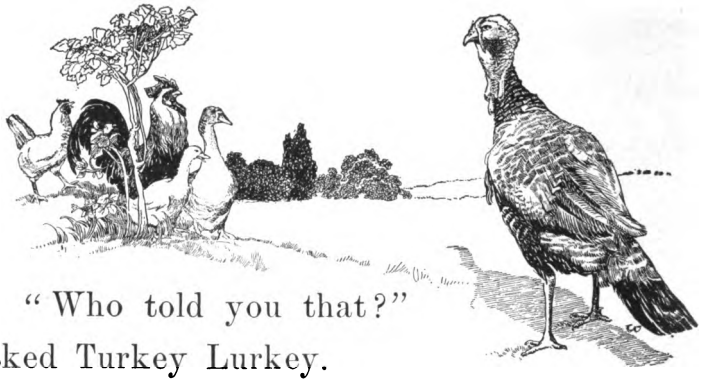

"Who told you that?" asked Turkey Lurkey.

"Ducky Lucky told me."

"Who told you that, Ducky Lucky?"

"Cocky Locky told me."

"Who told you that, Cocky Locky?"

"Henny Penny told me."

"Who told you that, Henny Penny?"

"I dreamed it in the oak tree last night."

"I will go with you," said Turkey Lurkey.

A little farther on, they met Foxy Loxy.

"Good day, Foxy Loxy," said Turkey Lurkey.

"Good day, Turkey Lurkey," said Foxy Loxy. "Where are you going?"

"I am going to the mountains, so that the world may not come to an end."

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"Who told you that?" asked Foxy Loxy.

"Goosey Poosey told me."

"Who told you that, Goosey Poosey?"

"Ducky Lucky told me."

"Who told you that, Ducky Lucky?"

"Cocky Locky told me."

"Who told you that, Cocky Locky?"

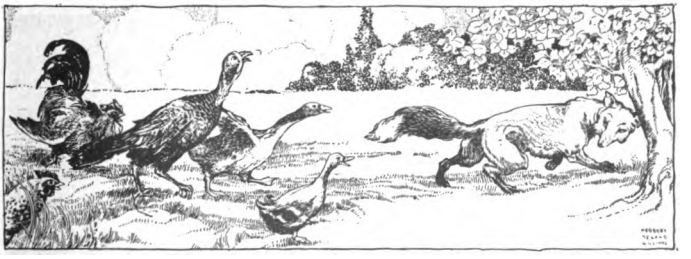
"Henny Penny told me."

"Who told you that, Henny Penny?"

"I dreamed it in the oak tree last night."

"Stuff!" said Foxy Loxy. "The world will not come to an end if you do not go to the mountains. Come home with me. It is nice and warm in my house in the ground."

So they went home with Foxy Loxy and never came back again.



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LITTLE PUMPKIN'S THANKSGIVING

I

Thanks giv'ing Pe'ter pump'kin sized to-mor'row pies hope pal'ace Cin der el'la

It was the night before Thanksgiving in Peter Pumpkin-eater's garden. Great Big Pumpkin, Middle-Sized Pumpkin, and Little Wee Pumpkin were speaking together.

"All here?" asked Great Big Pumpkin.

"All here," said Middle-Sized Pumpkin.

"All here," said Little Wee Pumpkin. "But I heard Peter say that he should pull us to-morrow and send us on our ways."

"That will be fine!" said Great Big Pumpkin. "I hope we shall make good pies for some one's dinner. I wish we could go to the palace."

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"So do I," said Middle-Sized Pumpkin. "Maybe we could see the King."

"I should like to see Cinderella," said Little Wee Pumpkin. "But I am not large enough to go to the palace. Still, I wish I could make some one glad on Thanksgiving Day."

Little Wee Pumpkin was the first to wake in the morning. Peter had opened the garden gate, and Cinderella was walking into the garden.

Little Wee Pumpkin opened her eyes and listened.

II

jack-o'lan'tern ill la'dy

Cinderella was beautiful, and Little Wee Pumpkin knew that she was good and kind. She was carrying a basket full of yellow flowers.

"They are for you, Peter," she said, laughing. "I have brought them from the palace garden. They are for your Thanksgiving.

"Now you must help me find the right pumpkin for a jack-o'lantern. It is to make a little

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girl glad. She has been ill a long time, and must have a jack-o'lantern for Thanksgiving."

"Yes, my lady," said Peter; and they went from vine to vine.

First, they stopped at Great Big Pumpkin, but that was too large. Then they stopped at Middle-Sized Pumpkin, but that was too flat. Then they stopped at Little Wee Pumpkin, and that was just right.

"This is the pumpkin for the jack-o'lantern, Peter," she said, pointing to Little Wee. "This will make the little girl glad."

"Yes, my lady," said Peter, as he pulled Little Wee from the vine.

"The two large pumpkins shall go to the palace, to the King," said Cinderella. "They will make fine pies for his Thanksgiving dinner."

"Yes, my lady," said Peter, as he pulled the two pumpkins from the vines.

So Great Big, Middle-Sized, and Little Wee all had their wishes. —MADGE A. BIGHAM (*Adapted*).

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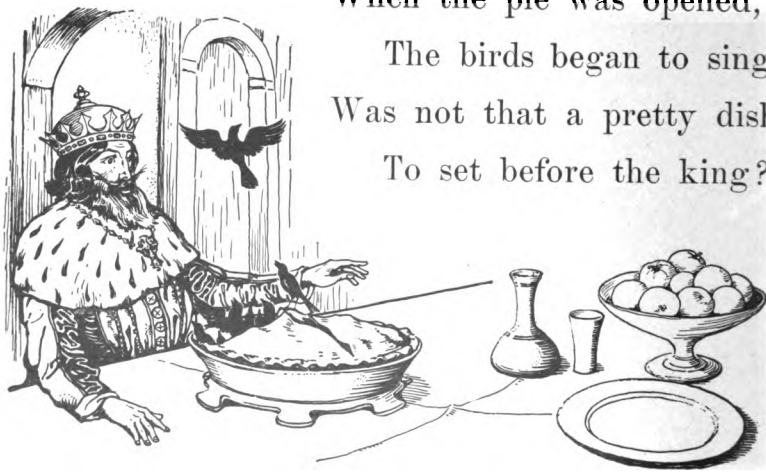
BLACKBIRD PIE

song six'pence pock'et
rye twen'ty pret'ty

Sing a song of sixpence,
Pocket full of rye,
Four and twenty blackbirds
Baked in a pie.

When the pie was opened,
The birds began to sing.
Was not that a pretty dish
To set before the king?



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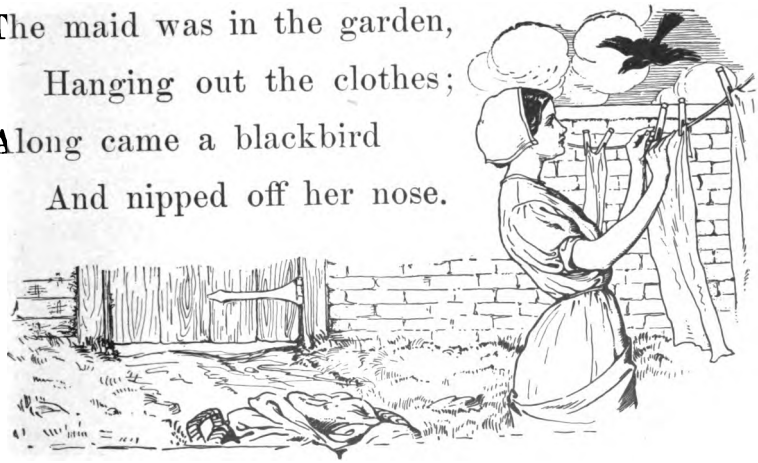
count'ing mon'ey par'lor
hon'ey maid nipped

The king was in the counting-
house,
Counting out his money.
The queen was in the parlor,
Eating bread and honey.

The maid was in the garden,
Hanging out the clothes;
Along came a blackbird
And nipped off her nose.



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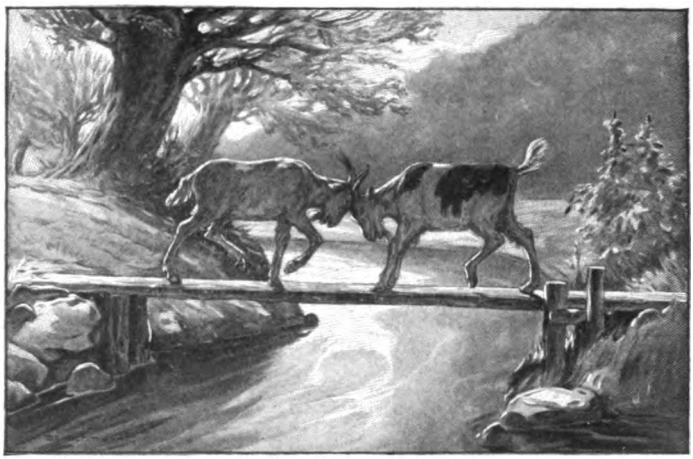

THE TWO GOATS

cross	stream	bill'y goat	stamped
hoofs	pushed	for got'	bang

Two goats once wished to cross a stream. One goat was on the left side of the stream. The other was on the right side.

The water was deep, and over the stream was only a narrow board. Only one goat at a time could cross on it.

"I will not wait," said the first billy goat.

"I will not wait," said the second billy goat.

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So they both started at once.

They met in the middle of the narrow board. They stamped with their hard hoofs and shook their heads. The narrow board shook, too.

"What are you doing here?" asked the first billy goat.

"What are you doing here?" asked the second billy goat.

"Get out of my way!" said the first billy goat.

"Get out of my way!" said the second billy goat.

Stamp! stamp! went the little hoofs. Down went the heads! Out went the hard horns!

They pushed this way and that way. They forgot that the board was narrow. They forgot that the water was deep.

Stamp! stamp! went the hoofs. Bang! bang! went the horns. They pushed and pushed until they both fell into the stream.

—Æsop.

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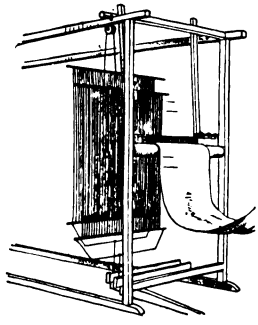
JACK'S COAT

wears cloth loom wove thread weave
wheel spun these card'ed shears

This is the coat
that Jack wears.

This is the cloth
so warm and blue,
That made the coat
that Jack wears.



This is the loom
so strong and new,
That wove the cloth
so warm and blue,
To make the coat
that Jack wears.

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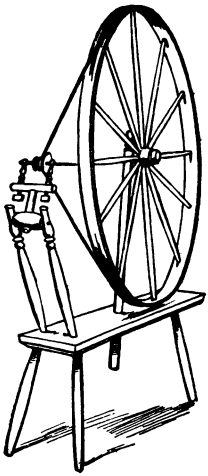
This is the thread
that, colored blue,
Was used in the loom
so strong and new,
To weave the cloth
so warm and blue,
To make the coat
that Jack wears.



This is the wheel
with its loo, loo, loo,
That spun the thread
that, colored blue,
Was used in the loom
so strong and new,
To weave the cloth
so warm and blue,
To make the coat
that Jack wears.

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This is the wool, carded through and through,

That was spun on the wheel
with its loo, loo, loo,
To make the thread
that, colored blue,
Was used in the loom
so strong and new,
To weave the cloth so warm and blue,
To make the coat that Jack wears.

These are the sheep on which there grew
The wool that, carded through and through,
Was spun on the wheel
with its loo, loo, loo,

To make the thread
that, colored blue,
Was used in the loom
so strong and new,
To weave the cloth so warm and blue,
To make the coat that Jack wears.

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This is the man and his sheep shears, too,
That sheared the sheep on which there grew
The wool that, carded through and through,
Was spun on the wheel with its loo, loo, loo,
To make the thread that, colored blue,
Was used in the loom so strong and new,
To weave the cloth so warm and blue,
To make the coat that Jack wears.

—CHARLOTTE PERKINS.

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THE HONEST WOODMAN

I

wood'man chop'ping ax fair'y stood

A poor woodman was once chopping wood by the side of a stream. While he was at work, his ax flew off the handle and fell into the stream.

"Now what shall I do?" he asked. "The water is so black that I cannot see my ax. The stream is so deep that I could not reach it, if I should see it lying on the sand; and I cannot swim.

"I have no other ax, nor have I money to buy one. My poor children! If I cannot work, how shall I get money to buy them bread?"

Just then a fairy stood before the woodman.

"Why are you not at work, woodman?" asked the fairy. "The sun is still high. It is not time to rest."

"I was chopping down this tree," said the

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woodman. "My ax flew off the handle and fell into the stream.

"I have no other ax and no money to buy one. I can work no more. I cannot buy food for my children."

"Maybe I can find your ax," said the fairy. "I can swim, and you cannot."

II

dived	sil'ver	fin'er	mine
steel	gold	hon'est	own

The fairy dived down into the stream and came up with a silver ax in his hand.

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"Is this your ax, woodman?" he asked.

"No," said the woodman. "That is a finer ax than mine. Mine was made only of steel."

The fairy dived down into the stream again. This time he came up with a gold ax in his hand.

"Is this your ax, woodman?" he asked.

"No," said the woodman. "That is far finer than my ax. Mine was made only of steel."

The fairy dived down into the stream a third time. When he came up, he held the steel ax in his hand.

"Is this your ax, woodman?" he asked.

"Oh, yes," cried the woodman with joy, "that is my ax! Now I can go on with my work.

"I thank you, good fairy, with all my heart. My children will thank you, too."

"You are an honest man," said the good fairy. "The silver ax and the gold ax were finer than your own, but you did not take them. Because you are honest, you may have all three."

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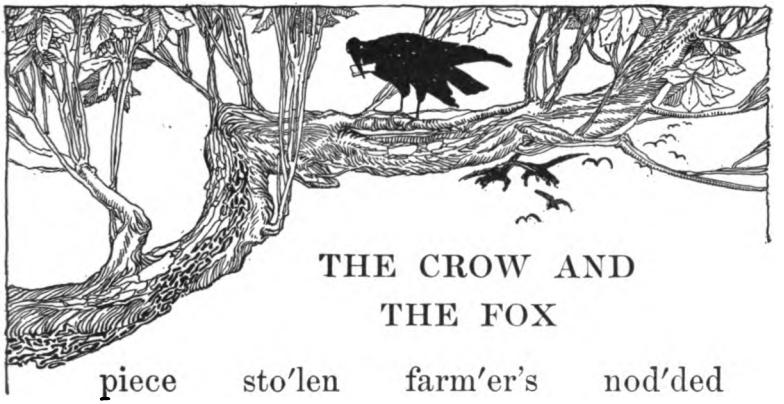


THE CROW AND THE FOX

piece sto'len farm'er's nod'ded

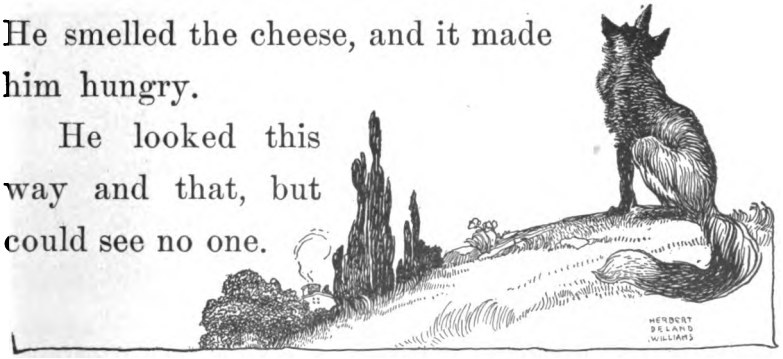
moved jay voice

A crow sat on the branch of a tree. In his bill was a fine piece of cheese.

He had stolen the cheese from the farmer's table. What a good dinner it would make!

A fox came out of the woods. He smelled the cheese, and it made him hungry.

He looked this way and that, but could see no one.



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Then he looked up into the tree and saw the crow with the cheese in his bill.

"Good day, Friend Crow," said the fox.

The crow nodded his head, but could not speak. His bill was full of cheese.

"What a beautiful black coat you have," said the fox.

The crow moved about on the branch so that the sun could shine on his feathers.

"My friend, the jay, says you have a fine voice, too," said the fox. "Will you not sing me a song, dear Crow?"

The crow was pleased. What a good friend he had found in the fox!

A crow with a fine voice should sing for his friend.

The crow forgot what he had in his bill. He opened his bill to sing, and dropped the cheese.

While he was saying "Caw!" the fox ran away with the cheese as fast as he could go.

—Æsop.

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WATERING THE FLOWERS

hours ere ba'sin tea
they're wide

I water the flowers, I water the flowers;
I water them morning and evening hours,
I never wait till the flowers are dry;
I water them ere the sun is high.
A basin of water, a basin of tea,
I water the flowers, they're opening, you see;
A basin of water, another beside,
I water the flowers, they're opening wide.

—"*Chinese Mother Goose Rhymes.*"

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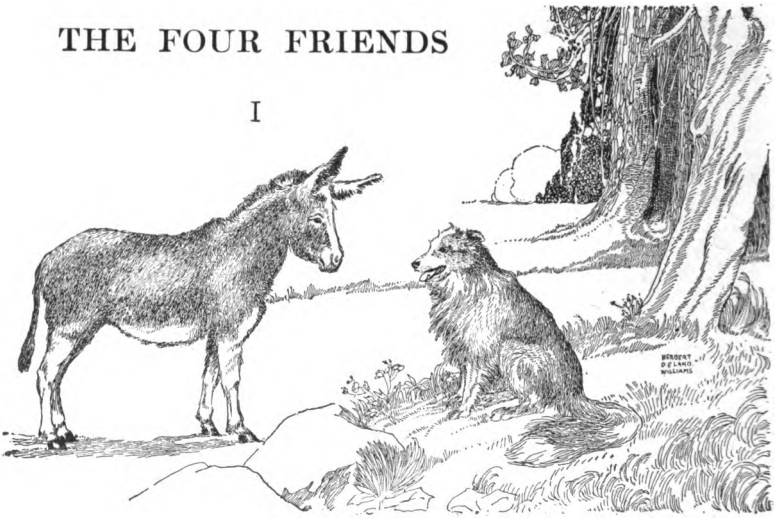
THE FOUR FRIENDS

I



grown	killed	band
weak	near	join

There was once a poor donkey who had grown too old to work.

"If the donkey cannot work, he shall not be fed," said his master. "He must be killed."

"I will not stay here and be killed," said the donkey to himself. "I will go to town and play in the band."

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So he walked slowly down the road. He was too old and too weak to walk fast.

On the way he saw a dog lying near the road. The dog looked weak, too.

"Why do you lie there?" asked the donkey. "Why don't you go home?"

"I have no home," said the dog. "I am too old to help my master, and he said I should be killed. So I ran away."

"Can you bark?" asked the donkey.

"Yes," said the dog. "I am not too old to bark."

"Then come with me," said the donkey. "I am going to town to play in the band You may join the band, too."

So the dog and the donkey walked on together.

II

sick mice cook Sun'day

By and by they saw a cat sitting beside the road. The cat looked hungry and sick.

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"Why do you sit there?" asked the donkey.

"I sit here because I have no home," said the cat. "I am too old to catch mice, and my master said I must be killed. So I ran away."

"Can you mew and purr?" asked the donkey.

"Oh, yes," said the cat. "I am old, but I can mew and purr."

"Come with us, then," said the donkey. "We are going to town to play in the band."

"With all my heart," said the cat, standing up. So the three friends walked on together.

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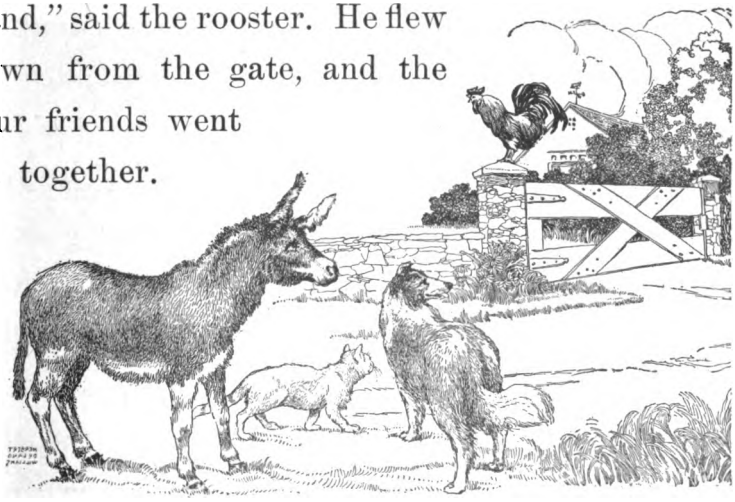
Soon they came to a barnyard. A rooster stood on the barnyard gate crowing with all his might, "Cock-a-doodle, doo!"

"Why do you crow?" asked the donkey.

"I heard my master tell the cook to kill me for Sunday dinner," said the rooster. "If I am to be killed, I shall crow as long as I have a voice. Cock-a-doodle, doo!"

"Come with us," said the donkey. "We are going to town to play in the band."

"I should like to play in the band," said the rooster. He flew down from the gate, and the four friends went on together.



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III

tall	thought	plan	rob'bers
meat	noise	fright'ened	for'est

At night they stopped in a forest to rest. The dog and the donkey lay under a tree. The cat climbed upon one of the branches. The rooster flew to the top of the tree.

The rooster looked about him before he put his head under his wing. He saw a light near by, and called to his friends.

"If you see a light," said the donkey, "there must be a house. Come, friends, we will find the house."

Soon they found the house. The light came from a small window far from the ground.

The donkey was not tall enough to look in at the window. What were they to do? The donkey thought of a plan.

He stood under the window with the dog on his back. The cat jumped upon the dog's

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back. The rooster flew upon the cat's back. Then the rooster peeped in at the window.

"What do you see?" asked the cat.

"I see four robbers sitting at a table," said the rooster.

"What are they doing?" asked the dog.

"They are eating bread and meat, and drinking milk," said the rooster.

"That would be a good supper for us," said the cat.

"We must drive the robbers away," said the donkey. "Let us all sing at once. Now, one, two, three!"

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"Wee-haw! Wee-haw!" said the donkey.

"Bow-wow! Bow-wow!" said the dog.

"Mew, mew, mew!" said the cat.

"Cock-a-doodle, doo!" said the rooster.

What a noise they made!

"The world must be coming to an end," said the robbers, who were very much frightened.

They ran out of the house as fast as they could, and hid in the forest.

IV

be hind'	perched	dark	crept	shin'ing
match	stepped	bit	kick	hap'py

The four hungry friends had a good supper. They blew out the light and went to bed.

The donkey lay on the grass in the yard. The dog lay behind the door. The cat rolled himself up in front of the fire. The rooster perched on the back of a chair. Then the fire went out, and all was dark and still.

Soon the robbers crept back to the house.

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"There is no one here," said one of the robbers. "Let us go into the house to sleep."

"Wait," said another robber. "There may be some one here. Let me go in and see."

In walked the robber. How dark it was! He could see two round shining balls in front of the fireplace, and he thought they were the fire.

"I will light a match at the fire," he said.

Scratch! went the match. "Mew!" said the cat, as she scratched the robber's face.

The robber was frightened and ran for the door. He stepped on the dog, and the dog bit him on the leg.

He fell over the chair, and the rooster said, "Cock-a-doodle, doo!"

He ran out into the yard and fell over the donkey. "Wee-haw! Wee-haw!" said the donkey, and gave him a kick.

The robbers ran away and never came back again. The four friends lived in the house in the forest and were very happy. —GRIMM (*Adapted*).

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SIMPLE SIMON

sim′ple Si′mon pie′man fair ware whale

Simple Simon met a pieman
Going to the fair;
Said Simple Simon to the pie-man,
"Let me taste your ware."

Said the pieman to Simple Simon,
"Show me first your penny."
Said Simple Simon to the pieman,
"Indeed I have not any."

Simple Simon went a-fishing
To try to catch a whale;
But all the water that he had
Was in his mother's pail.

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this'tle pricked fin'gers whis'tle hare sieve

Simple Simon went to see
If plums grew on a thistle;
He pricked his fingers very much,
Which made poor Simon whistle.

Simple Simon went a-hunting,
To try to catch a hare;
He rode a goat about the street,
But could not find one there.

He carried water in a sieve,
But soon it all ran through:
And now poor Simple Simon
Must say good-bye to you.

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ROB'S GIFT

planned broth'er its washed bet'ter toy
to'ward clapped mag'net wand wher ev'er

The rain was falling, falling, out of doors. Kitty stood by the window, watching the big drops splashing down.

She thought of her playhouse out under the trees. She had planned to have tea out there in the shade.

"Dear me!" said the little girl at last. "I wish the sun would shine."

"Why, Kitty," said big brother Rob, "don't you want the world to have its face washed? Don't you want the flowers to have a drink?"

"I want to have tea in my playhouse," said Kitty.

"I know something better than tea," said Rob. "Have you ever seen my fairy ducks?"

"Fairy what?" asked Kitty, turning from the window to look at Rob.

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"Fairy ducks," said Rob. "They are in a box in my room. Come and see."

Rob opened a box, and in it lay four toy ducks.

"Those are not fairy ducks," said Kitty.

"Wait and see," said Rob. "Bring the box to the kitchen, and I will fill a basin with water. When the ducks touch the water, they will be fairy ducks."

Rob put the basin on the table, and Kitty set the ducks on the water. Rob took a little piece of steel out of his pocket and held it out

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toward the ducks. They turned around and moved toward the steel.

Kitty clapped her hands with joy.

"They are fairy ducks, after all," she said. "The ducks swim toward the thing in your hand. What is it, Rob?"

"This is a magnet," said her brother. "The magnet is the fairy wand. When I wave the wand, the ducks swim wherever I wish."

"Please let me wave the fairy wand. I want to show the ducks where to swim," said Kitty.

"You may have the wand and the ducks for your own," said Rob. "Don't you think that this is better than playing tea under the trees?"

"Oh, yes," said Kitty. "Thank you, Rob. I shall play with the fairy ducks every day it rains."

Do you think she did? I cannot tell you, but I know that she forgot all about having tea in the playhouse. She forgot all about the rain, too.

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KITTY'S LAMB

lamb nip'ping dai'sies wool'ly
fleece chill'y win'try

Kitty's lamb was down in the meadow nipping grass and daisies. Kitty and her father were watching it from the shade of a big elm.

"We are going to shear the old sheep to-day," said father. "Shall we shear the lamb, too?"

"His woolly fleece is not so thick as the old sheep's," said Kitty.

"But it is soft and fine," said father. "Bob would like a lamb's-wool coat next winter."

"What would the poor lamb do when the winds are blowing?" asked Kitty.

"His coat would grow again," said father; "but it would not grow very fast. Yes, Kitty, he might be chilly when the wintry winds blow. I think we will not shear him to-day."

"Little lamb! Little lamb!" called Kitty. "Father says you may keep your woolly coat!"

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THE THREE BEARS

I

bears break'fast por'ridge tired
knock rap fist a gainst' latch

Three bears once lived in a little house in the forest. Papa Bear was a great big bear. Mamma Bear was a middle-sized bear. Baby Bear was a little wee bear.

One morning the three bears went for a walk before breakfast. They left their porridge in three bowls on the table to cool.

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Great Big Bear had a great big bowl. Middle-Sized Bear had a middle-sized bowl. Little Wee Bear had a little wee bowl.

Beside the table were three chairs. There was a great big chair for the papa bear. There was a middle-sized chair for the mamma bear. There was a little wee chair for the baby bear.

On the other side of the forest lived a little girl named Silver Hair. Silver Hair, too, went for a walk before breakfast.

She found a new road and lost her way; and, after a while, she came to the house of the three bears. Silver Hair was tired and hungry.

"What a pretty little house this is," she said. "I will knock at the door. Maybe I can rest here and have something to eat. Then I can find my way home."

Rap! rap! rap! went the little fist against the door.

Rap! rap! rap! again. But no one opened the door. No one said "Come in!"

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The bears were away, but Silver Hair did not know that. She raised the latch and peeped into the room.

II

emp'ty bot'tom

There stood the three bowls of porridge. How good it smelled! How good it looked! Silver Hair was very hungry.

She went into the room, but saw no one.

"I will take only a little," she thought. "The bowls are all full."

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She tasted the porridge of the great big bear, but that was too hot. She tasted the porridge of the middle-sized bear, but that was too cold. She tasted the porridge of the little wee bear, and that was just right.

Silver Hair ate and ate until the bowl was empty.

She sat in the chair of the great big bear, but that was too hard. She sat in the chair of the middle-sized bear, but that was too soft. She sat in the chair of the little wee bear, and that was just right.

So Silver Hair sat until the bottom dropped out. Then she went up stairs. O naughty Silver Hair!

She lay on the bed of the great big bear, but that was too high at the head. She lay on the bed of the middle-sized bear, but that was too low at the foot. She lay on the bed of the little wee bear, and that was just right.

Tired little Silver Hair fell fast asleep.

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Digitized by Google

III

rough gruff none sure
a woke′ rolled fresh

When the three bears came home, they found the door open. They went into the house, but saw no one.

"Some one has been eating my porridge!" said Papa Bear in his rough, gruff voice.

"Some one has been eating my porridge!" said Mamma Bear in her middle-sized voice.

"Some one has been eating my porridge, and there is none of it left!" said Baby Bear in its little wee voice.

"Some one has been sitting in my chair!" said the great big bear in his rough, gruff voice.

"Some one has been sitting in my chair!" said the middle-sized bear in her middle-sized voice.

"Some one has been sitting in my chair, and the bottom has dropped out!" said the little wee

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bear in its little wee voice. Then it began to cry.

They went up stairs. Now they were sure that some one was in the house.

"Some one has been lying on my bed!" said the great big bear.

"Some one has been lying on my bed!" said the middle-sized bear.

"Some one has been lying on my bed, and there she is now!" said the little wee bear. "See! there she is now!"

Little Silver Hair awoke and saw the three bears. How frightened she was!

She rolled off the bed and jumped out of the window. The house was low, and Silver Hair was not hurt.

Away she ran as fast as she could, and soon found her way home.

"Don't cry, Little Bear," said good Mother Bear. "She was only a little girl and knew no better."

—Robert Southey (*Adapted*).

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THE SWING

swing pleas'ant est child wall
riv'ers cat'tle roof

How do you like to go up in a swing,
Up in the air so blue?
Oh, I do think it the pleasantest thing
Ever a child can do.

Up in the air and over the wall,
Till I can see so wide,
Rivers and trees and cattle, and all
Over the country side—

Till I look down on the garden green,
Down on the roof so brown.
Up in the air I go flying again,
Up in the air and down!

—Robert Louis Stevenson.

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THE POT OF GOLD

pot	ear'ly	be longed'	a wake'	whis'per
pop'lar	sad'ly	slept	use	with out'

One summer evening, a man who was going home through the woods found a pot of gold.

"Now what shall I do with this pot of gold?" he thought. "Night is coming on, and the way is dark. I must hide it until morning."

He looked about for a hiding place. Near by stood a great tree. Its green branches hung low, for all the trees were asleep.

"This is just the place," said the man. "I will hide the pot of gold in this tree."

Early in the morning, before the man came back, a fairy came through the woods. The pot of gold belonged to this fairy, and she had come to carry it away.

The fairy looked on the ground where she had left the gold, but it was not there. She looked all about, but she could not find it.

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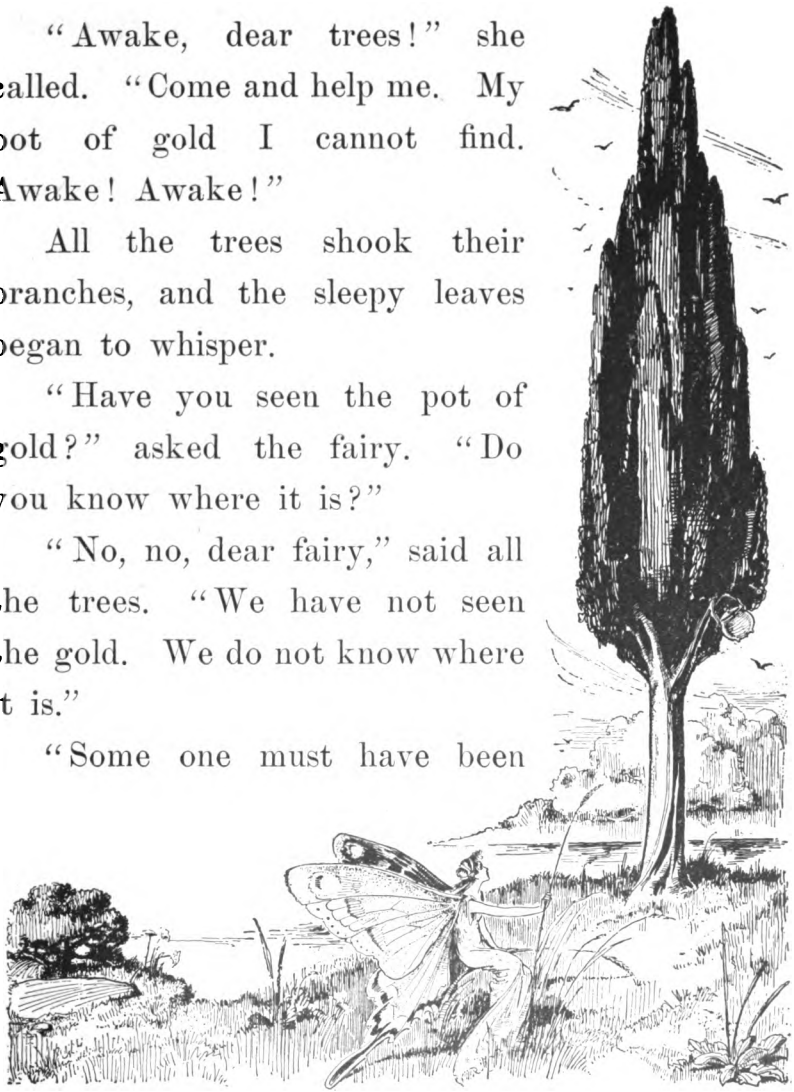
"Awake, dear trees!" she called. "Come and help me. My pot of gold I cannot find. Awake! Awake!"

All the trees shook their branches, and the sleepy leaves began to whisper.

"Have you seen the pot of gold?" asked the fairy. "Do you know where it is?"

"No, no, dear fairy," said all the trees. "We have not seen the gold. We do not know where it is."

"Some one must have been



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here while you were asleep," said the fairy. "Raise your branches high, so that I may see."

All the trees raised their branches as high as they could. They loved the fairy, and wished to help her.

"Here is my gold in the branches of this poplar," said the fairy. "Who placed it in your branches, poplar?"

"I do not know, O fairy," said the poplar, sadly. "It was not there when I fell asleep. You know I would not take your gold."

"I am sure you would not," said the fairy; "all the trees are my friends. Some one came here while you slept. Put down your branches, dear trees."

Down came the branches, and the leaves whispered in the wind. Down came the branches of all but the poplar.

"O fairy," said the poplar sadly, "my branches have been used to hide your gold.

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May they stay as they are, so that no one else can use them?"

"Yes," said the fairy. "Poplar, let your branches grow high. You may sleep without care. No one can use your branches now."

And to this day the poplar tree holds its branches high in the air.

THE SEED BABY

cra'dle

I know of a baby, so fair and so good.
She sleeps in a cradle as good babies should.
Sleep, baby, sleep!

I know of a mother so kind and so warm,
She covers the baby from all cold and harm.
Sleep, baby, sleep!

When winter is over, the rain and the light
Are calling the baby with all their might,
Wake, baby, wake!

—*Selected.*

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THE LION AND THE MOUSE

li′on	bod′y	stretched	a′ble	net
hunt′er	an′gry	gnawed	done	my self′

A lion was once lying asleep in the sun. While he slept, some mice played about him and ran over his great body.

When he awoke and stretched himself, all but one of the mice ran away. The lion saw the little mouse and raised his great paw to kill her.

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"Oh, please, dear lion, do not kill me," cried the mouse. "I am too small to hurt you, and some day I may be able to help you."

"You may go," said the lion; "but a little mouse could not help a great lion like me."

One day the lion was caught in a strong net set by a hunter. He tried and tried, but could not get away. The ropes of the net hurt him, and he was angry. So he lay there and roared.

The little mouse heard the cry of her friend and ran to see what she could do to help him. She found him fast in the net, with the ropes around his great paws.

The little mouse crept up on the lion's paw, and gnawed and gnawed with her sharp little teeth until the ropes were cut in two. Then the lion stood up and shook off the net.

"You are small, dear mouse," said he; "but you have done for me to-day what I could not do for myself. I thank you, little friend."

—Æsop.

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THE LOCUST TREES

lo'cust peo'ple's rid'ing par'a sol neat

The locust trees, see how they grow!
Here in the shade we will have a show.

Other people's children all have come,
But my little girl is still at home.

Just as I speak, she is coming along,
Riding a donkey and singing a song.

Her parasol open she holds in her hand;
Her hair is done up in a neat little band.

—"*Chinese Mother Goose Rhymes.*"

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THE GOATS AND THE TROLL

I

big'gest starve bridge ug'ly sau'cers
troll noth'ing jui'cy lar'ger

Once upon a time there were three goats, and they were all named Billy. One was Little Billy, one was Big Billy, and one was Biggest Billy.

Late one summer there was no more grass in their pasture. Not far away was a high hill. On this hill the grass was tall and green.

"Shall we go to the green pasture on the hill?" asked Biggest Billy.

"Yes," said Big Billy. "If we stay here, we shall starve. Come, Little Billy, we will go with Biggest Billy to the pasture on the hill. There we can eat and grow fat."

On the way they came to a bridge. Under this bridge lived a great ugly fairy. His eyes were as large as saucers, and his nose was as long as your arm. This fairy was called a troll.

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Now the goats did not know that a troll lived under the bridge.

"You go first, Little Billy," said the other two goats.

So the little goat's feet went trip-trip, trip-trip, trip-trip, on the bridge. Little Billy saw nothing but the pasture on the hill. He thought of nothing but the green grass.

"Ho, there! Who goes trip-trip over my bridge?" asked the troll.

"It is I, Little Billy," said the goat. "I am going to the hill pasture to eat juicy grass and grow fat."

"You are not going to the hill pasture," said the troll; "for I am coming up to eat you."

Up came the troll and put out his long arms to catch the goat.

"Please don't eat me. I am only a little goat," said Little Billy. "Big Billy will cross the bridge soon, and he is much larger than I. Wait for Big Billy."

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"Go on, then," said the troll. "I am hungry and will wait for Big Billy."

"Oh, thank you!" said Little Billy. He knew that Big Billy could take care of himself.

II

can't pick tossed float'ed fear

Trip-trap, trip-trap, trip-trap, came Big Billy's feet on the bridge. He was looking at the green grass. He was thinking how good it would taste. He did not look at the bridge or under the bridge.

"Ho, there! Who goes trip-trap over my bridge?" asked the troll.

"It is I, Big Billy, the goat. I am going to the hill pasture to eat juicy grass and grow fat."

"No, you are not," said the troll; "for I am coming up to eat you."

Up came the troll and put out his long arms to catch the goat.

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"Oh, please don't eat me! I am only Big Billy. Biggest Billy will be here soon. Wait for him. He is much larger than I." He knew that Biggest Billy could take care of himself.

"Very well," said the troll. "You may go. I am very hungry and need a big dinner. I will wait for the biggest goat."

Trap-trap, trap-trap, trap-trap, came Biggest Billy's hoofs upon the bridge.

"Ho, there!" called the troll. "Who goes trap-trap across my bridge?"

"It is I, the biggest billy goat. I am going to the hill pasture to eat juicy grass and grow fat, and you can't stop me."

"We will see about that," said the troll. "I am coming up to eat you and pick your bones."

"Come on, then," said Biggest Billy. "I am ready for you." And down went Billy's head.

When the troll reached the bridge, Biggest Billy ran to meet him. Bang! went his head against the troll. He caught the troll on his

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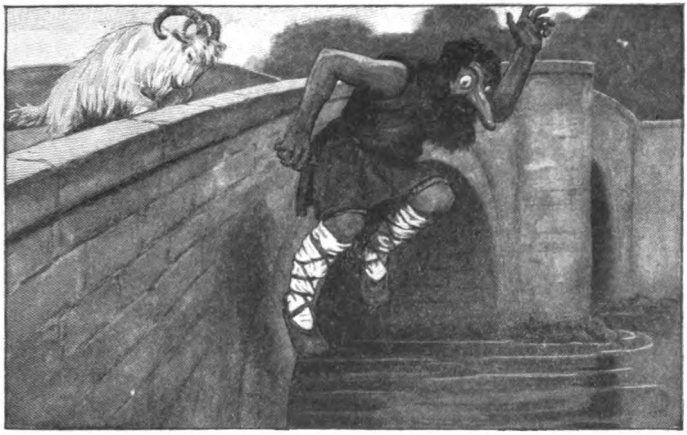

horns and tossed him into the water. Then he went across the bridge.

Little Billy, Big Billy, and Biggest Billy soon reached the hill pasture where the grass was green and juicy. They ate and ate and grew so fat that they never wished to cross the bridge again.

The troll floated down the stream and far away. No one ever heard of him again. Any one may use the little bridge now without fear. The troll is there no more.

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WHERE IS CARL?

Carl passed bus'y cobs geese fence
safe hard'ly tears un der stand' seem

When Carl was four years old, he passed a summer in the country.

One day when mother was busy, Carl climbed up into the big wagon to play. The wagon stood under a tree, near the barnyard gate.

While Carl was sitting in the wagon, building houses of corn cobs, the geese came up from the pond. They were tired of swimming and hunting for worms. Now they wanted to sit in the shade and rest.

Just to be friendly, they put their heads through the fence and stretched their necks and called. Do you know how geese call?

Carl thought that they were asking for him. He peeped over the side of the wagon.

"I am in the wagon," he said.

When the geese saw his little brown head,

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they called again. Then Carl was very much afraid.

"In the wagon," he said, and began to cry.

He looked toward the house. If he could only reach mother, he would be safe.

He could hardly see through his tears, but he climbed down as well as he could. Across the yard he ran as fast as his little legs could go.

"Why do you cry, Carl?" asked his mother. "What made you run to the house?"

"I was afraid of the geese," said Carl. "They put their heads through the gate and asked where I was. Why did they want to know where I was, mother?"

"My little boy," said mother with a smile, "I am afraid you do not understand what geese say. They were not calling for you. They were only saying how glad they were to sit in the shade."

But now, when mother hears the geese call, they seem to say, "Where is Carl? Where is Carl?"

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THE SAND-MAN STORY

thumb	mouth	close	hers
soft'ly	a bove'	eye'lids	dips

Baby May lay in her little white bed. The lights were out, and everything was still. It was seven o'clock, and May should have been asleep.

But she could not sleep. Can you guess why? She had a sore thumb. It was the thumb that she put into her mouth when sleepy time came.

To-night, when the sleepy eyes began to close, the thumb found its way to the little pink mouth. Then, oh, how the thumb did hurt! Brown eyes were wide awake once more, and it must all be done over again.

"Mother," she called at last. "Come tell story. May's thumb hurts."

Mother came into the room. She lay down beside May, and took the little hand in hers.

"Birds and bees are safe at home," said mother, very softly. "Little chickens are under

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their mother's wings. Stars shine in the blue sky above us.

"Now the Sand Man comes to see if the children are all in bed. His hands are soft and warm. He touches the sleepy eyes, and down fall the little eyelids. He calls the Dream Man from the land of dreams.

"On one arm he carries a bag of sand; and when all is still, he opens the bag. He dips up the sand and pours it on. He dips up the sand and pours it on. He dips up the sand and pours it on. He dips up the sand and pours it on."

By this time May was fast asleep, and the story was never ended.

Can you end the story?

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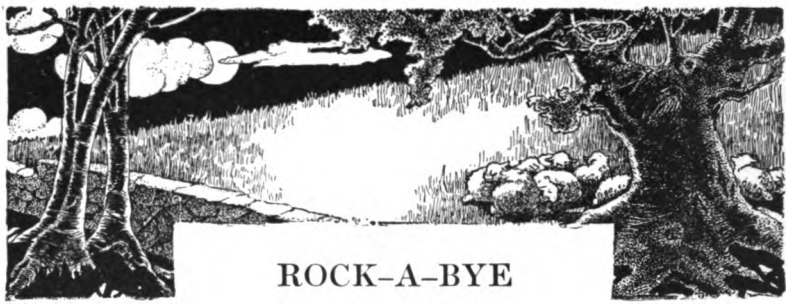

ROCK-A-BYE

gold'en west moon be low' bough

Hush-a-bye, birdie, in the warm nest.
The sun goes to sleep in the golden west;
Mother's soft feathers cover your head,
The wind blows softly around your wee bed.

Stars shine out in the dark blue sky,
Mother moon rests in the clouds near by;
Lambs fall asleep in the meadow below;
Mother rocks baby and sings soft and low:

Rock-a-bye, baby, in the tree top.
When the wind blows, the cradle will rock.
When the bough bends, the cradle will fall,
And down will come baby, cradle and all.

—*Selected.*

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THE CHILDREN AND THE BEAR

gar'ret tramp rubbed pat'ted shag'gy
broom tame un tied' wan'dered

Three children were playing in a garret one evening. They were having a happy time.

Soon they heard something coming up the stairs, tramp, tramp, tramp! Scratch, scratch, scratch!

Then a black head came through the open door, and a big black bear came into the room.

The children were frightened and ran to hide. The bear found them, but he did not hurt them. He rubbed his soft nose against their hands.

"This must be a dog," they said. "He does not hurt us. Maybe he wants to play."

They patted his shaggy coat, and pushed him down on the floor. The baby lay with her head against his side. She played with the rope that hung from his neck.

Then one of the boys began to beat his drum.

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The bear jumped up. An old broom lay on the garret floor. The bear took the broom in his paws, and began to march. The other boy got his toy gun, and marched behind the bear.

Rub-a-dub, dub! rub-a-dub, dub! went the drum. Left, right! left, right! left, right! marched the soldiers around the room.

Just then their mother came home. She looked in at the door, and saw the great bear with the children. She was so frightened that she could not move or speak.

While she stood there looking in, a man stepped up behind her. He saw the bear, too; but he was not frightened.

The bear belonged to him. He was a tame bear and could dance. The man had tied him to a tree while he ate supper; but the bear had untied the rope and had wandered away.

"Come!" said the man.

The bear dropped the broom and walked after his master, down the stairs.

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ANDROCLUS AND THE LION

I

An dro'clus cit'y Rome slave cru'el
cave fight mouth thorn licked lon'ger

Here is a story from a far country. It is about a man and a lion. The man's name was Androclus. He lived long ago, in the city of Rome.

Androclus was a slave. The man who owned him was hard and cruel. When he was angry, he beat his slave.

One night poor Androclus ran away.

He hid in the thick woods for many days. He was afraid to go far from his hiding place to look for food, so it was not long before he grew very weak and ill.

At last Androclus found a dark cave. He crept into the cave and lay upon the cold stones. Soon he was fast asleep.

This cave was the home of a lion. While Androclus was asleep, the lion came back, roar-

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ing. The roaring awoke Androclus. He could not fight; and he could not run away, for the lion was standing in the mouth of the cave.

How frightened he was! He closed his eyes and waited, but the lion was not angry.

When Androclus opened his eyes, the lion limped to his side. In some way the lion's foot had been hurt.

Androclus raised the foot to look at it, and the lion rubbed his head against the slave's arm.

In the lion's foot was a long, sharp thorn. Androclus pulled out the thorn, and the lion thanked him just as a dog would have done. He jumped about him and licked his hands and feet.

Androclus was no longer afraid. When night came, the man and the lion slept side by side. In the morning the lion brought food for Androclus.

Soon the two were good friends. Every day the lion fed Androclus; and it was not long before Androclus was well again.

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II

chains pris'on cir'cus rows hun'dreds
loud'er sprang strange hap'pened each
shout'ed mean free

One day some soldiers saw Androclus walking in the woods. They knew him, because they had seen him with his master. So they took him back to Rome, where his master lived.

Now the master was more cruel than before. He beat Androclus, and had iron chains fastened to his arms and legs, so that he could not run away or fight. Then he put him into a dark prison, where he had to stay for weeks.

At last Androclus was led out of prison, and soldiers drove him to a place that looked like a large circus ground.

A high stone wall ran around this ground. Against this wall were rows of seats raised one above another. On the seats were hundreds and hundreds of people.

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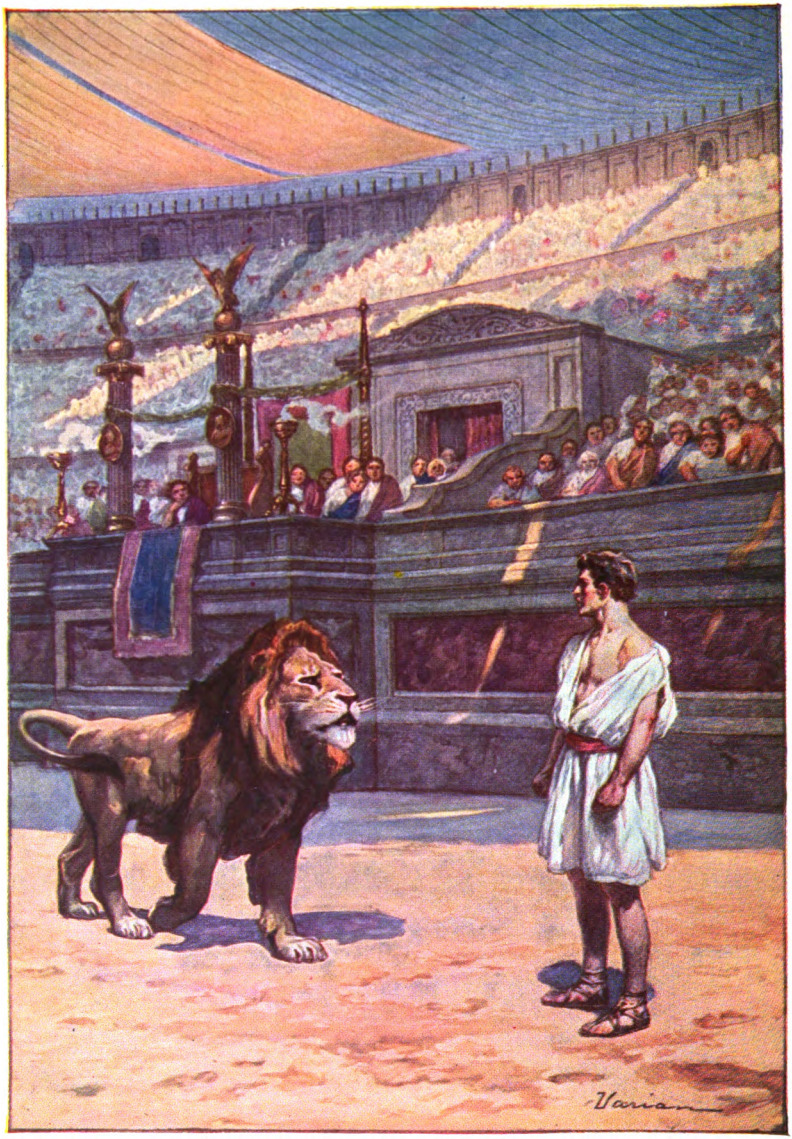

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Soldiers took off the slave's chains, and he was pushed through a door into the great circus ring. Through another door came a roaring lion.

Poor Androclus must fight that lion. He was very much frightened.

When the lion saw Androclus, he roared louder and louder. He was hungry, and his eyes were red as balls of fire.

Androclus waited for the lion to come. He was sure that the lion would kill him. The lion's paws were strong, and his teeth were sharp.

The lion roared again, and sprang toward the man. One more spring, and they were side by side.

Then a strange thing happened. Androclus gave a cry of joy. He placed his arms around the lion's neck. The lion lay down at his feet and licked them. The two friends had found each other again.

The people could not understand. They shouted and waved their hands.

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"What does this mean?" they asked; for they had thought to see the lion fight and kill the man.

"What does this mean, Androclus?" they shouted again.

"This lion was my friend when no man would help me," said Androclus. "He let me sleep in his cave when I was ill. He brought me food when I was hungry. We are friends, and we love each other."

"Live and be free!" shouted the people. "Live and be free!"

"The lion must go free, too! Set the lion and Androclus free!"

So Androclus and the lion were both set free, and went out of the ring together.

The lion was given to Androclus, and they lived together in Rome for many years. Day after day they might be seen walking together. People pointed to them, and told their strange story, and called them the two friends.

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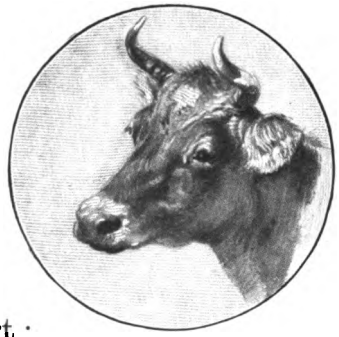
THE COW

cream yet stray
pleas'ant blown wet
show'ers a mong'



The friendly cow all red
and white,
I love with all my heart;
She gives me cream with all her might,
To eat with apple-tart.

She wanders lowing here and there,
And yet she cannot stray,
All in the pleasant open air
The pleasant light of day.

And blown by all the winds that pass,
And wet with all the showers,
She walks among the meadow grass
And eats the meadow flowers.

—Robert Louis Stevenson.

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THE BABY IN THE EAGLE'S NEST

ea'gle's	ea'glets	no'where	whom
God	sent	sons	prince

One day, long ago, a king was out hunting with a party of friends, when he heard a baby crying. Up in the air it seemed to be.

"Some little child is lost or hurt," said the king. "We must find it and help it, if we can."

At last they found that the crying came from an eagle's nest at the top of a tall tree.

One of the party climbed the tree and found a baby lying in the nest. It had been carried there by the old eagle to be fed to the eaglets.

The king had the baby carried to his palace. Nowhere could he find to whom it belonged.

"God sent the little boy to me," said the king. "He shall be as one of my own sons."

So the baby from the eagle's nest came to be a prince in the house of the king, and a fine little prince he was!

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THE GOLDEN TOUCH

I

a go′ Mi′das daugh′ter rich be sides′
al′ways rath′er a′ny thing sun′rise

Long, long ago there lived a great king named Midas. King Midas had one little daughter. The daughter's name was Marygold. King Midas loved his little daughter very much.

King Midas was rich. He had houses and lands, cattle and horses, and much gold besides.

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In the strong room under the palace were bags and boxes of gold. The King liked to go into the strong room to count the gold pieces in the bags and boxes. But he always wished for more.

One day while he was counting his gold, a fairy came into the strong room. The fairy had wings on his feet. There were wings on his cap, too. In his hand was a strange looking wand.

"How much gold you have, Midas," said the strange fairy.

"Yes," said the King, "I have some gold, but I should like more. I would rather have gold than anything else in the world."

"Are you sure of that?" asked the fairy.

"I am very sure," said the King.

"In the morning, then, at sunrise," said the fairy, "you shall have the golden touch. It will give you as much gold as you wish. But you may not be happy."

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II

ris'ing glass cof'fee fun'ny kiss com'fort

King Midas awoke early next morning. The sun was just rising. He touched the bed with his hand. It turned to gold. He touched the chair and the table. They turned to gold, too.

"Everything I touch turns to gold," said he. "Now I shall have all the gold I want. I must tell Marygold. How glad she will be!"

Marygold was in the garden picking flowers for the breakfast table. He called her and went in to breakfast, for he was hungry.

King Midas touched a glass of water, and it turned to gold. He tried a cup of coffee, and that turned to gold. Dear, dear! This was not funny. He had nothing to drink.

He took up an egg, and that turned to gold. He tried to butter some bread, but the butter and bread turned to gold. Dear, dear, dear! This was not funny. He had nothing to eat.

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Just then, little Marygold came into the room. She ran to her father to kiss him good morning. He put his arms about her, and she turned to gold. There were gold flowers in her hand.

Oh, dear! Oh, dear! What should he do now? He had but one little daughter, and here she stood still before him. She could not speak. She could not move. All the gold in the world could not comfort him.

"My little daughter Marygold!" cried the poor King. "I have turned you to gold. What shall I do? Who is there to comfort me now?"

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III

bathe sprin'kle sun'ny such

"O Fairy of the golden touch," he called, "please come and take it away!" And there stood the strange fairy before him.

"Well, Midas, are you not happy?" he asked. "You have your wish. Everything you touch turns to gold."

"I have no daughter," cried the King. "What do I care for gold? Oh, why did I wish for the golden touch? Please take it away, good Fairy, and give me back my daughter!"

"Are you sure, this time, that you know what you wish?" asked the fairy.

"Yes, yes," said King Midas. "Give me my daughter, and take away the golden touch!"

"Very well, then," said the fairy. "Go to the river and bathe. Bring back a pitcher of water. Sprinkle this upon Marygold and over the table. Then you will be happy again."

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With tears in his eyes, King Midas thanked the fairy. He took a pitcher in his hand and ran to the river. He bathed in the sunny water and carried a pitcher full to the palace.

He ran to the dining room as fast as he could go. Sprinkle, sprinkle, went the water on Marygold's head and on the flowers she held. The little girl was his own little daughter once more! The flowers were as fresh as if they had just come from the garden.

He sprinkled the eggs and the bread and the butter. He sprinkled the glass of water and the cup of coffee. Then they sat down to breakfast.

How cool was the water! How hot was the coffee! How good were the bread and the eggs!

King Midas thought that he had never seen so beautiful a morning. He was sure that his daughter had never been so beautiful before. And never was there such a breakfast as this!

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THE SECRET

cher'ry course best built shan't
laid min'ute I'll whole

We have a secret—just we three,
The robin and I and the cherry tree.
The bird told the tree, and the tree told me;
And nobody knows but just us three.

Of course the robin knows it best,
Because she built there—I shan't tell the rest—
And laid the four little somethings in it.
I'm afraid I shall tell it every minute!

But if the birds and the tree don't peep,
I'll try my best the secret to keep;
But, of course, when the little birds fly about,
Then the whole secret will be out!

—*Selected.*

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BUTTONS

Ed'win sew'ing pup'py is 'n't spools
hooks nee'dles but'tons pa'per un'cle

Edwin came into the room where his mother was sewing. With him came a fat little puppy, rolling and falling as he tried to run.

"Look, mother!" called Edwin. "What do you think of that? Isn't he fine?"

"Why, Edwin," said his mother, "where did you get him? Whose is he?"

"He's mine," said Edwin, taking his ball from the table and starting to play with the puppy. "Grandpa gave him to me. What shall I call him, mother?"

By this time the puppy was jumping about the room, playing with Edwin. Another jump, and he knocked the workbasket from the low chair by mother's side.

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"O you naughty dog!" cried Edwin, as spools of thread, hooks and eyes, needles and buttons flew all around.

"You might call him Spool," said father, laying down his paper to help Edwin pick up the things.

"Call him Hooks and Eyes," said Uncle Fred, dropping some into the basket.

"He seems to be a sharp little puppy. You might name him Needles," said father.

"Here he comes with the button bag in his mouth," said mother. "Why not call him Buttons?"

"Thank you, mother," said Edwin. "I shall name him Buttons. Here, Buttons! Tell mother you did not mean to knock over her basket."

"Buttons must play in the yard," said mother. "I cannot let him play in the house."

"Buttons has a house of his own," said Edwin. "Come, Buttons, and see your new house in the yard."

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HOLLAND

Hol'land	low'er	banks	dikes	earth
pump	ditch'es	ca nals'	sluice	skate

Holland is a country across the sea.

It is a strange country. It is lower than the sea. The people have had to build great banks to keep the sea out.

These banks are called dikes. They are made of stone and earth, and their sides are covered with grass. They are so wide that their tops are used for roads.

But the dikes alone could not keep the land dry. So great windmills are built along the dikes to pump water from the land.

The windmills pump the water into wide ditches, or canals, that carry it to the sea.

At the end of each canal is a great gate, called a sluice. The sluices are opened to let the canal water out, and then are closed again to keep the sea from coming in.

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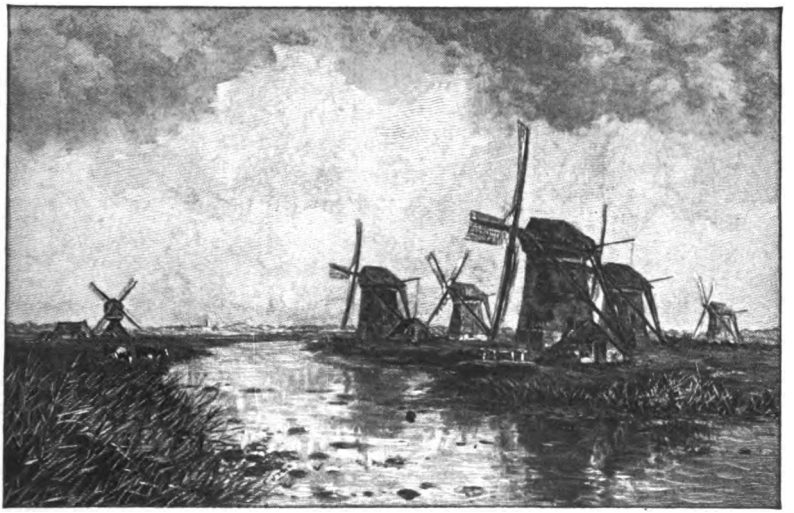
Holland is a beautiful country. In summer, boats go up and down the canals; and in the green fields between the canals, cows are feed-



ing. In winter, the canals are covered with ice; and the people skate on them, going to and from their work.

All day the windmills are turning, turning, pumping the pastures dry. They are grinding wheat, too, that the children of Holland may have bread.

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THE LITTLE HERO OF HOLLAND

I

be gins′	bak′ing	cakes
blind	fol′lowed	stopped

Peter lived in Holland, where his father took care of one of the sluices.

On the day with which this story begins, Peter's mother was baking cakes. Peter could smell them as he played in the yard.

"Come, Peter!" called his mother. "Here are some cakes and some butter for the blind man on the other side of the town. They are in the basket. You will have time to carry them over before father comes home from the sluice. Then we will have supper."

Peter took the basket on his arm and started for the blind man's house. He followed the dike, for that was the road. At the sluice he found his father.

"Where are you going, Peter?" he asked.

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"I am carrying cakes and butter to the blind man, father," said Peter. "Mother sent me. She said I would have time to be back before supper."

Peter stopped to tell the blind man how sunny the day was, and how the birds sang in the trees by the canals. He gave him some flowers he had found on the way. Then he said good-bye and started for home. The sun was low, and he knew that supper would soon be ready.

II

hur'ried	trick'ling	meant	dan'ger
leak	a lone'	ache	kept

Peter hurried, for he did not wish to be late. When he reached the sluice, his father had gone, and the sun had set. A little farther on, he heard the trickling of water. Looking over the dike, on the land side, he saw a tiny stream trickling in from the sea.

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He knew that this meant danger. Every child in Holland knows how the hungry sea fights the land. Something must be done at once.

"Father!" shouted the boy. "There is a leak in the dike! Come and help!" But father was too far away to hear.

Peter dropped his basket, ran down the dike, and put his little hand into the hole. The water stopped trickling.

"There is a leak in the dike!" he shouted, again and again. "Come, father, and help!" But there was no one to hear.

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Stars came out in the sky. The night was dark about him. He was cold and hungry, and frightened, too. He had never been out alone at night before. Still, he did not think of going home. The leak meant danger, and there was no one but Peter to keep out the sea.

Soon his arm began to ache, but he did not stir. He was cold and sleepy, but still his little hand kept out the sea. Tears fell from his blue eyes. He called and called again, but no one heard.

III

an'swered crowd hats saved
brav'est he'ro ten'der ly

When the sun set and the father came home, mother looked out to see if Peter was coming. She called, but no one answered. She waited, but no Peter came.

"Maybe he is staying with the blind man to-night," said Peter's father.

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"He never did such a thing before," said the mother. "But the blind man may be ill. We will wait until morning."

Early in the morning the father went to look for Peter. The mother watched at the door.

Soon she saw a crowd of people coming. In front was the father carrying Peter in his arms. The men who were with them raised their hats and shouted.

"Peter kept out the sea," they cried. "Peter has saved the land. He is a brave boy! He is a hero!"

Tears of joy ran down the father's face, as he gave little Peter to the mother. And how tenderly the mother kissed her boy!

There was nothing too good for Peter that day, nor for many days after. He had done the bravest thing that a boy could do, and had saved the land from the hungry sea.

Ever after this, Peter was called the Little Hero of Holland.

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THE BOY AND THE SHEEP

la′zy	pray	i′dle	nay	serve
true	dew′y	oft	scant′y	fare
		bare	past	

Lazy sheep, pray tell me why
In the pleasant fields you lie,
Eating grass and daisies white
From the morning till the night.
Everything has work to do;
None are idle—why are you?

"Nay, my little master, nay;
Do not serve me so, I pray;

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Do you see the wool that grows
On my back to make your clothes?
Very cold would children be,
If they had no wool from me.

"True, it seems a pleasant thing,
Nipping daisies in the spring;
But what chilly nights I pass
On the cold and dewy grass!
Oft I pick my scanty fare
Where the ground is brown and bare.

"Then the farmer comes at last,
When the merry spring is past;
Cuts my woolly fleece away
For your coat in wintry day.
Little master, this is why
In the pleasant field I lie."

—JANE TAYLOR.

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REX AND THE QUAIL

al'most	quails	it self'	au'tumn	roost
rain'y	Sep tem'ber	live	bro'ken	bound

Mr. White put down his paper. May climbed into his lap, and Edwin perched on the arm of his chair. It was almost eight o'clock and bed time, but story time came first.

"Please tell us a true story this time, father," said May.

"Tell us about something that happened when you were a boy," said Edwin.

"When I was boy," said Mr. White, "we lived in the country. We raised great fields of wheat and corn and rye.

"There were some birds that built their nests on the ground in the grain fields. They were quails. Quails are large birds. But when they lie close to the ground, they can hardly be seen; for they are gray and brown, the color of the earth itself.

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"Quails do not fly south in the autumn, like most birds; and these quails lived in our fields all winter. When it was very cold, they would roost on the hay in the barn.

"When I was seven years old, I had a little dog named Rex. Rex and I knew where the rabbits made their holes, and the trees where the squirrels lived. The quails were hard to find; but once we found a quail's nest full of white eggs, and once we saw a mother quail between the rows of corn.

"One rainy day in September, when I was helping mother in the kitchen, we heard a scratching at the door. I opened the door, and there stood Rex with a live quail in his mouth.

"He walked over to the table where mother was at work and looked up in her face. She took the quail out of his mouth and found that its leg was broken.

"We bound the leg, and tied it around with

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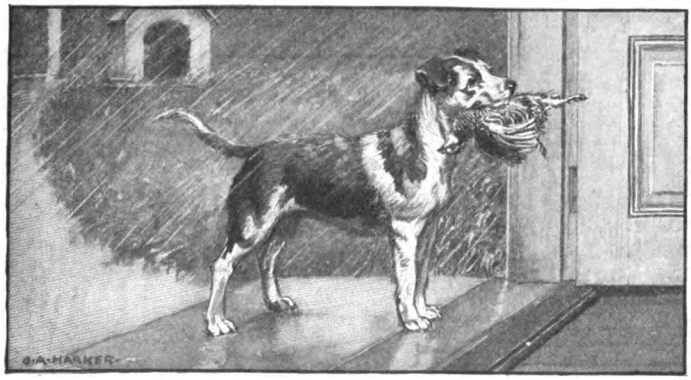
string. All this time the quail lay still in mother's lap, and Rex sat by and watched us.

"When all was done, we placed the quail in a basket near the fire to dry its feathers."



"Did the quail's leg get well?" asked May.

"Yes," said Mr. White, "we kept the quail until its leg was well. Then we let it fly away to its friends. But how do you think Rex knew that we could help that quail?"

"Was Rex as sharp as Buttons?" asked Edwin.

But just then they heard mother's voice calling "Sleepy time! Come to bed!"

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CLOVERS

trim lawn a side′ fold pray′ers
bow dawns clear live′long

The clovers have no time to play;
They feed the cows and make the hay,
They trim the lawn and help the bees
Until the sun shines through the trees.

And then they lay aside their cares,
And fold their hands to say their prayers,
And bow their tired little heads
And go to sleep in clover beds.

Then, when the day dawns clear and blue,
They wake and wash their hands in dew;
And as the sun climbs up the sky,
They hold them up and let them dry;
And then to work the livelong day,
For clovers have no time to play.

—Helena Leeming Jelliffe.

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VOCABULARY

The number opposite each word refers to the page on which it first occurs.

a' ble	119	au' tumn	160	be longed'	114	bow	162
a bout'	66	a wake'	115	be low'	130	brav' est	156
a bove'	128	a woke'	112	bend	25	break' fast	106
ache	155	ax	86	be side'	46	bridge	121
a cross'	25			be sides'	141	broad	40
aft' er	44			best	147	bro' ken	160
a gainst'	107	ba' bies	52	bet' ter	102	brook	19
a go'	141	bags	10	be tween'	35	broth' er	102
air	40	bak' ing	152	big' gest	121	brought	61
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